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ON THE WATER LILY
ON THE
DANUBE
HUNGARY
AUSTRIA
A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF
THE PERILS
OF
A PAIR-OAR
during a voyage from
LAMBETH to PESTH
by the author of
'The Log of the Water-Lily'
with illustrations
by one of the crew.
PASSPORT
MDCCCLIII
LONDON
John W. Parker & Son
West Strand

THE

WATER LILY ON THE DANUBE:

BEING

A BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF THE

PERILS OF A PAIR-OAR DURING A VOYAGE

FROM

LAMBETH TO PESTH.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE 'LOG OF THE WATER LILY.'

R. B. Mansfield

AND

Illustrated by One of the Crew.

Alfred Thompson.

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

MDCCCLIII.

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

TO

HIS DEAREST MOTHER,

THIS SLIGHT RECORD OF

THE CRUISE OF THE 'WATER LILY,'

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN LETTERS TO HER,

Is Dedicated,

BY HER MOST AFFECTIONATE AND DUTIFUL SON,

THE AUTHOR.

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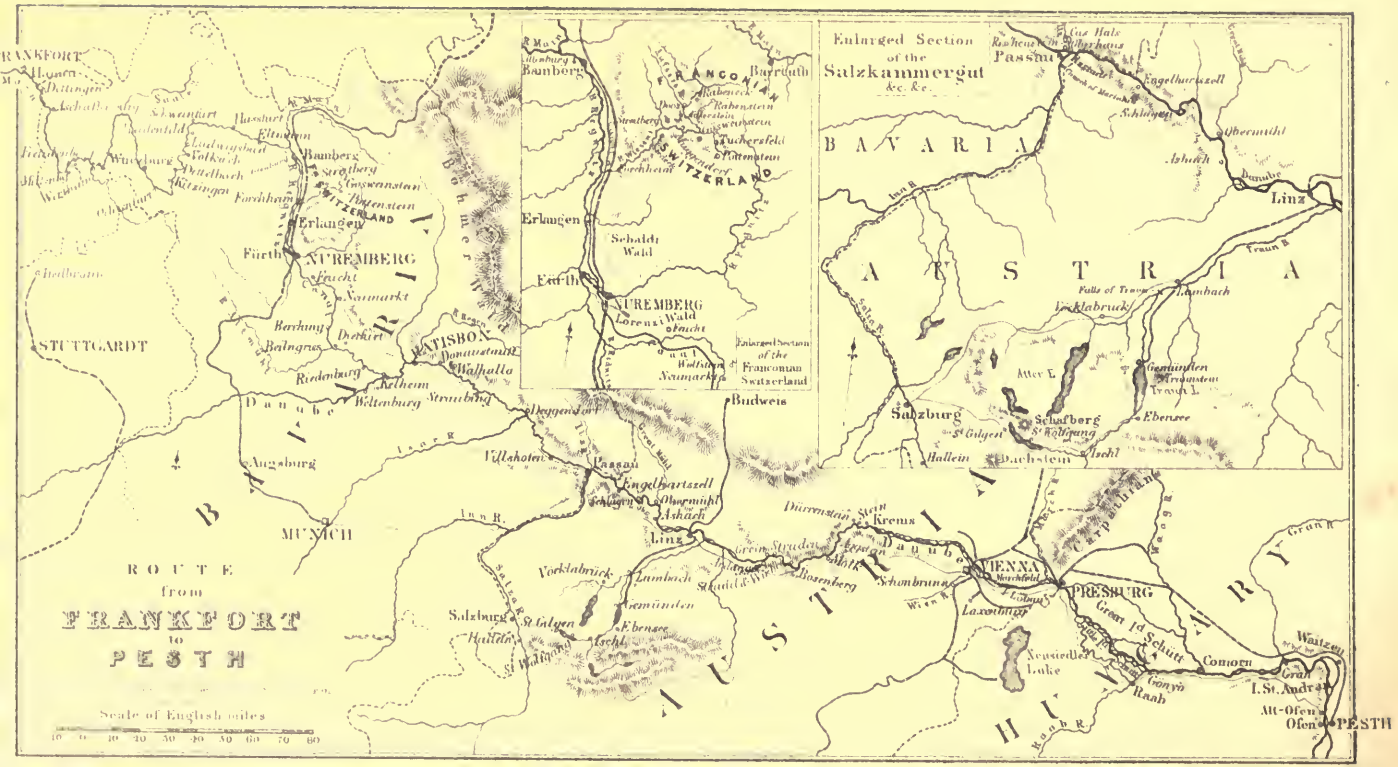
ROUTE
from
FRANKFORT
to
PESTH
Scale of English miles
10 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80
Enlarged Section of the Salzkammergut &c. &c.
Enlarged Section of the Franconian Switzerland
FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND
BAVARIA
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
FRANKFORT
STUTTGARDT
MUNICH
RATISBON
NUREMBERG
Erlangen
Fürth
Bamberg
Augsburg
Danube
Inn R.
Salza R.
Traun R.
Ems R.
Main R.
Neckar R.
Lech R.
Isar R.
Regen R.
Budweis
Linz
Passau
Salzburg
Schafberg
Ebensee
Hallein
Aussee
Ischl
Gmünden
Ischel
Ebensee
Ischl
Hallein
St Gilgen
St Wolfgang
Lambach
Falls of Traun
Klabruck
Ashach
Obermühl
Engelhartszell
Schlögen
Aschach
Ling
Kremsmünster
Kremsmünster
Steyer
Steyer
Enns R.
Ens R.
Vienna
Presburg
Schönbrunn
Laxenburg
Neusiedler Lake
Raab
Comorn
Gran
Waitzen
I. St. Andrä
Alt-Ofen
Ofen
PESTH
Wag R.
Gran R.
Leitha R.
Leitha Gebirge
Wien R.
Donau
Thaya R.
Marchfeld
Lobau
Schwechat
Mauthausen
Grein
Strudel
Wirbel
Rosenberg
Sebaldi Wald
Lorenzi Wald
Walhalla
Donaustauf
Kelheim
Straubing
Deggendorf
Vilshofen
Passau
Ingolstadt
Neuburg
Donauwörth
Dillingen
Ulm
Hanau
Aschaffenburg
Würzburg
Wertheim
Hassfurt
Schweinfurt
Eltmann
Bamberg
Forchheim
Gaisfeld
Gräfenberg
Hiltpoltstein
Muggendorf
Pottenstein
Streitberg
Gösweinstein
Ebermannstadt
Forchheim
Kirchehrenbach
Gaisfeld
Gräfenberg
Hiltpoltstein
Muggendorf
Pottenstein
Streitberg
Gösweinstein
Ebermannstadt
Kirchehrenbach
Wolfstein
Neumarkt
Berching
Beilngries
Riedenburg
Eichstadt
Neumarkt
Forchheim
Bayreuth
Baireuth
Altdorf
Hohenstein
Rabenstein
Velden
Neukirchen
Lauterhofen
Auerbach
Hersbruck
Lauf
Altdorf
Hohenstein
Rabenstein
Velden
Neukirchen
Lauterhofen
Auerbach
Hersbruck
Lauf
Schnaittach
Lichtenau
Ansbach
Gunzenhausen
Weissenburg
Pleinfeld
Roth
Schwabach
Lichtenau
Ansbach
Gunzenhausen
Weissenburg
Pleinfeld
Roth
Schwabach
Wassertrüdingen
Feuchtwangen
Dinkelsbühl
Nördlingen
Wassertrüdingen
Feuchtwangen
Dinkelsbühl
Nördlingen
Aalen
Heidenheim
Aalen
Heidenheim
Gmünd
Gmünd
Ellwangen
Hall
Crailsheim
Ellwangen
Hall
Crailsheim
Mergentheim
Mergentheim
Rothenburg
Rothenburg
Uffenheim
Uffenheim
Creglingen
Creglingen
Bischofsheim
Bischofsheim
Königshofen
Königshofen
Hammelburg
Hammelburg
Gemünden
Gemünden
Lohr
Lohr
Aschaffenburg
Aschaffenburg
Hanau
Hanau
Frankfort
Frankfort
Offenbach
Offenbach
Darmstadt
Darmstadt
Heidelberg
Heidelberg
Mannheim
Mannheim
Worms
Worms
Mayence
Mayence
Wiesbaden
Wiesbaden
Rüdesheim
Rüdesheim
Bingen
Bingen
Kreuznach
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Bingen
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Kreuznach
Kreuznach
Creutznach
Creutznach
Alzey
Alzey
Oppenheim
Oppenheim

THE

WATER LILY ON THE DANUBE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Phaselus ille quem videtis, hospites
Ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
Neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
Nequisse præterire.

Catullus Carm.

IN case this book should fall into the hands of any person who has never heard of, or read, the 'Log of the Water Lily,' and as there may be some allusion to that remarkable work in these pages, I think it expedient to give a short account of the expedition which led to its publication.

Last year, a party of five of us left London about the end of July, and taking with us a four-oared Thames gig, went by steamer to Mannheim, and there launching our craft, we pulled up the Neckar to Heidelberg, and then returning the

same way, we rowed down the Rhine to Mentz, where we put our boat on board a steamer, and went up the Main to Wurzburg; from thence we returned down the Main and the Rhine to Coblentz, where we again put our boat on a steamer to go up the Moselle to Treves, and from thence rowed down the Moselle and Rhine to Cologne, from whence we sent our boat back by steam to England.

It is to the kindness with which the journal of our travels on that occasion was received by the public, that they are indebted for the infliction of this second series. While we were at Wurzburg last year, a paragraph appeared in a newspaper there, informing its readers that five Englishmen had come from London in a little boat, and were going through the Danube-Main Canal, and down the Danube to the Black Sea. We had no thoughts whatever of doing this, but it struck us that on some future occasion, we might go by that route as far as Vienna, or perhaps Pesth; below which town, for some four hundred miles, the Danube scenery is flat and uninteresting.

This idea we have this year carried out, and these pages are a transcript of letters written by one of us during the voyage. As in the 'Log

of the Water Lily,' so in this slight narrative of our personal proceedings, 'it is not intended to attempt any description of the well known towns, such as Wurzburg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Salzburg, Vienna, Pesth, &c., through which we travelled, or in which we stayed during our expedition; for such information, I beg to refer my readers to Mr. Murray's excellent Guide-book to Southern Germany, which contains a far better and fuller account of them than any which it is in my power to offer, and which for the purposes of this narrative may be deemed to be incorporated herewith.' To tell the truth, lionizing was not our strong point, and after we had walked through two or three churches, and a mile or two of palace or picture gallery, in any town, we generally longed once more for the freedom of our river life. 'Indeed, any one who has taken up this book in the expectation of finding anything of that kind, or of obtaining any information about the politics, commerce, statistics, or literature, &c., of the countries through which we passed, had better at once throw it into the fire, as it is merely intended to suggest to such of my readers who have some leisure in the summer time, and a love of life and exercise in the open air, combined with the most

perfect independence in travelling, how they may see some of the finest river scenery in Europe in an economical, novel, and delightful manner; but even to these I have no hairbreadth escapes or dangers to relate, but a simple narrative of what certainly was to us a most delightful excursion.'

I must remind those of my readers who accompanied us on our travels last year, that our crew then consisted of five, namely Bow,* Smith, our Artist, Stroke, and Coxswain; we had hoped to have been able to have started all once more together on this our somewhat more adventurous expedition; we were however doomed to be disappointed; circumstances prevented our Artist, Stroke, and Coxswain from joining us. So far as such a loss could be compensated, it was, in the addition to our forces of our new Coxswain, who possessed all that cool judgment for which his predecessor was so distinguished, and was a most prudent oar: and whether he is not also a most accomplished draughtsman, we leave to the reader's impartial judgment, most confidently anticipating a favourable verdict.

Messrs. Noulton and Wyld of Lambeth fur-

* For the information of those unlearned in boating, I beg to mention that 'Bow' is the name given to the individual who pulls the bow oar; and 'Stroke,' to him who pulls the stern oar.

nished us again with a most beautiful boat, built of mahogany; for owing to the diminution of our crew, we were obliged to give up the old 'Water Lily,' which served us so well last year, and which had been kept for us in anticipation of our wanting her for this trip, and were forced to be content with a pair oar; but I hope the reader will take the will for the deed, and forgive my foisting a stranger on him under cover of the name of a former acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE BY STEAMER ON THE MAIN FROM FRANKFURT TO KITZINGEN.

Meine Burgen zerfallen zwar, doch getröstet erblick ich,
Seit Jahrhunderten noch immer das alte Geschlecht.
SCHILLER'S *Flüsse-Main.*

AT eleven o'clock, P.M., on Wednesday, the 20th of July, we, together with three friends, whom we had picked up on the road, found ourselves seated at one of the little tables in the garden of the Main Lust at Frankfurt on the Main; the scene was not altogether so lively as when we were there last year, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Emperor of Austria's birthday, when the place was full of ladies, soldiers, dancing, music, and feasting; inasmuch as at this hour we were the only denizens of that spacious garden; perhaps it was owing to its somewhat dismal 'theatrical rehearsal' kind of expression,

that we fancied that our bottle of Hocheim had not quite the exquisite flavour that it used to have before Mr. Ried removed to the Hotel de Russie; but don't let us be too critical; the Main Lust is still an excellent establishment, and will, I hope, flourish as well under the auspices of Mr. W. Ried as it did under those of his polite and accommodating brother.

Were I a popular author, I might give a stirring account of those exciting incidents which occurred to us in our voyage from Lambeth to this place, by the Fyneoord to Rotterdam, and by the Niederlander up the Rhine; but not being so, I must leave the events of that perilous journey to the imagination of the reader; and will take up the thread of my narrative from the time of our departure from Frankfurt by the steamer, which took place at five, A.M., on Thursday, the 21st of July. As we were stowing the boat on board the steamer, one of the persons who were watching our proceedings asked us what we intended to do with it, and on our informing him of our plans, he said that we should find no difficulty in accomplishing them, as five Englishmen had had a similar boat on the Rhine last year, and pulled from Mannheim to Mentz (fifty miles) in one

hour! This, he said, he knew was a fact, as he had heard it on board a steamer; he little thought that he was addressing two of the very crew who had found it tolerably hard work to accomplish that distance in six hours.

The river Main, from Frankfurt to Bamberg, runs a course of about two hundred miles, but, owing to the very circuitous bends between Aschaffenburg and Schweinfurt, the road by land is not much more than half that distance. The scenery from Aschaffenburg to Wurzburg is exceedingly beautiful; much superior, in our opinion, to the Rhine; and steamers pass up and down every day.

From Wurzburg to Schweinfurt the scenery is, for the most part, of the most dreary description, the river being bounded on both sides by low, round, monotonous hills, covered to the top with regular rows of hideous vineyards; from Schweinfurt to Bamberg it is most agreeable. According to the German guide-book that we had with us (the very remarkable production of a certain Menck Dittmarsch),* 'The waters of the Main

* As during our voyage up the Main frequent reference is made to this eccentric work, whenever it is quoted the letters M. D.] will be prefixed.

give a shining polish to the cuticle of bathers therein; and vessels coming into it from the Rhine draw several inches more water than they did in that river.' The lower part of the Main is singularly destitute of animal life. Almost the only wild birds we saw were large hawks; where they found sparrows enough to keep themselves in condition we could not imagine. In the upper part of the river, however, we saw numbers of storks, sand-pipers, herons, plovers, gulls, and terns; indeed, we saw plenty of these latter birds along our whole voyage to Pesth, which surprised us much, as our course ran through the very centre of Europe.

We soon came in sight of Aschaffenburg, conspicuous from the tower of the fine old palace, with its Pompeiian villa and magnificent avenue of poplars; having shortly before passed, on our left, the battle field of Dettingen. Every turn of the river now brought some incident of the jolly expedition of last year to the minds of Bow and Smith; and frequent were their ejaculations:

'It was on the raft under that tree that Smith smashed the bargee's beer jug.'

'There was the quarry where Stroke swopped his china pipe for a potato one.'*

'Look! Look! there is the earnest Colossus.' [M. D.]

'There the turnip field where our artist showed his agility in such a surprising manner.'

'Here we were nearly upset by the towing-rope of the barge.'

'And it was at this beautiful spot, opposite Freudenberg (perhaps the most beautiful point on the banks of the Main), where Christiana smashed the soft boiled egg over her new polka, on the occasion of that memorable picnic;' but let us not talk of that. Christiana is going to 'marry a market gardener,' and will be off to the diggings in the course of the year. Poor Smith! it was ever thus with him.

We arrived at Wertheim about six o'clock in the evening, and renewed our acquaintance with our Irish friend of last year and his kind wife. The gentleman is still without any language, and

* There are pipes which are universally said to be made of potato; but whatever they are made of, their properties are peculiar; they look, when new, exactly like white china, but when smoked, they colour in waving lines all round, something like the landscapes in the bottles of Alum Bay sand.

his capacity of imbibing beer has not in the least diminished.* The next day we started for Wurzburg in a carriage, having previously sent our boat on by steamer to that place.†

We soon found ourselves driving under the splendid old fortress that crowns the hill opposite to the town, and over the old bridge, between the rows of bishops and saints who took such a lively interest in the start of our four-oar last year. One of these venerable gentlemen, perhaps owing to the inclemency of last winter, now wears his glory round his neck, instead of its being suspended over his head as heretofore. We put up at our old quarters, the Swan, and were heartily received by our host. He had, however, no vacant bed for us, but found us sleeping accommodation in a neighbour's house. That evening, at supper, a native doctor, in barnacles and hair about a quarter of an inch long, stuck up like a worn out scrubbing brush all over his head, was very inquisitive about our proceedings; and having pumped us to his satisfaction, informed us that he would take

---

* He once drank thirty-six Bavarian glasses of beer (one pint and a quarter each) in one day.

† It is about one quarter the distance by road that it is by water.

a passage by the steamer up the river the next day, in order that he might enjoy the felicity of our society. When we went to bed we left him over a bottle of wine, and under the impression that we had gone to bed in the house. Shortly after this, as we were looking out of window at the stars, and Coxswain was pensively blowing a few notes on his cornopean (on which instrument he is a distinguished performer), he was hailed by a voice:

Drunken Individual.—'Don't make a larm up dere.'

Coxswain.—'Geh zum henker.'

Drunken Individual.—'Voici une jolie dame qui me regarde, et pourquoi pas?'

Coxswain.—'Va t'en, pauvre gris. Sie sind toll und voll.'

Drunken Individual.—'Wie meinen sie, I am Englis, I am wid two friends from England come in my own chaloup, and go in steamer to hill to-morrow. Caum down from de troisième étage; lâches! sacrés mangeurs de chou-croute.'

Smith.—'Parlez Anglais, done; we are Russ, and can understand.'

Bow.—'Cia mar tha sibh an diugh? Eirich suas, agus thoir dhuinn do naidheachd.'

Drunken Individual.—'Naunsense; I have been at Auchsfort, and am baccalaureus and doctor.'

Smith.—'How moch is that?'

Drunken Individual.—'Moch, you must not say moch; you must say mush; em—oo—say—ha,' &c.

To make an end of a long story, we arranged a hostile meeting for ten the next morning, ducked him with a jug of water, and turned in. I need hardly mention that this was our friend whom we had left in the inn; and who had sallied out, taken us for German students, and tried to pass himself off on us as one of ourselves. The next morning we met this disciple of Esculapius, all smiles, in the coffee room, little thinking that we were the individuals with whom he had had the polyglot altercation the night before. When we informed him that a drunken man had rather disturbed us last evening, he beat a precipitate retreat, and we saw him no more.

Wurzburg is a picturesque old town, full of narrow streets, with overhanging houses and pointed gables. [M. D.] 'At this moment west and at the gates of a little earth Paradise. Yes, if Franconia is the pearl-bedecked costly girdle of German Fatherland, so maintains this town the rank of the noblest of these stones full of worth.'

There is a very handsome palace here, built by a bishop, in 1720, the cellars of which are very well worthy of a visit; far more so, indeed, in my opinion, than the tiresome suites of rooms in the building above, although they are adorned with the paintings of 'the divine Tiepolo.' [M. D.] The produce of the royal vineyards is stored here, and there is a public auction of the wine once a-year; our host told us that he was going there to make a purchase, and invited us to accompany him. The cellars were indeed very fine, with lofty, vaulted roofs, and files of enormous casks full of the choicest Franconian wines. The Leiste and Stein wines are the best, and the most productive vineyard is the one on the side of the hill under the fortress. The cellars are lighted by chandeliers made of the hoops of wine-casks, and the burners are formed of bottles and glasses very tastefully arranged.

The 'Hofkellermeister' was very polite to us, and insisted on our tasting all his best taps; which, as the Franconian wines are much stronger than those of the Rhine, and we were all nearly tee-totallers, we found rather trying.

On starting from Wurzburg we were horrified to find that, owing to dry weather, the river was

so low that the steamer could only go as far as Kitzingen, and that from thence we should have to tug up against the stream to Bamberg, about one hundred miles, which was rather disagreeable to us rather lazily disposed travellers; however, it turned out to be for the best, as it got us into good training for the rest of our voyage. The banks were (as before-mentioned) exceedingly uninteresting, though [M. D.] 'supremely Idyllic.' The town of Ochsenfurt (Oxford) 'that bewitching little city,' [M. D.] was an agreeable interlude; it has some fine buildings, and is well situated in a most fertile district, and is said to be the granary of Franconia. We left it, joining in the wish of M. D., 'that it may grow to vie with its sister in Great Britain.'

CHAPTER III.

THE LAUNCH—THE MAIN FROM KITZINGEN TO BAMBERG.

Ignotis errare locis ignota videre
Flumina gaudebant: studio minuente laborem.

OVID, *Met.*

ABOUT a mile below Kitzingen, 'that town with the thin-sounding name,' [M. D.] a weir runs across the river, below which the steamer stopped; and on Friday the 23rd of July we disembarked our craft, and hauled her up the bank with the intention of carrying her round, but we found a considerable expanse of water on the other side of the bank, varying in depth from one inch to a yard; so to save time Bow and Smith carried the luggage through the water, while Coxswain punted up the boat. We speedily launched her again above the weir, and with the union-jack fluttering gaily from our bows, went merrily on to Kitzingen, where we

fastened up the boat* and proceeded to our hotel; the entrance to which establishment led through a cow-shed, and an avenue of bull-dogs, up a ladder to the first floor. The upper part of the house, however, was good enough, and after a hearty supper on beefsteaks, and pancakes stuffed with the skins of pickled walnuts, we turned in to rest.

The next morning, when we were preparing to start, we found that one of the natives ('who are [M. D.] a speculative race, and on that account ill-adapted to spiritual life') had robbed us of our rudder-ropes. We were delayed some time in procuring others, which was the more annoying as we had a severe tug of twenty-five miles before us against a most uncomfortable stream. We were not sorry to arrive at Dettelbach, a queer little village on the right bank,† with a handsome Rathaus, and a large Franciscan monastery on a hill near, where there is a much-frequented pilgrimage

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* We always covered up the boat with canvas, when we stopped for the night; a very necessary precaution, as it prevented the natives from getting into her, and shielded her from the heat of the sun.

† It need hardly be mentioned, that when speaking of the right or left bank of the river, the right or left going *down* stream is meant.

church, with a miracle-working statue of the Virgin. Here we stopped to take in stores, it being always our custom to take an hour or two's rest on some pleasant spot during the heat of the day, eating, drinking, sketching, and consuming tobacco; our fare generally consisted of hard-boiled eggs, bread, cheese, fruit and milk. The next object of interest was the shell of a very large monastery called Schwarzach, opposite to which we lunched. Just before we arrived at Markt Volkach, our resting-place for the night, we passed a modest-looking farm-house, with a little chapel attached, with a humble [M. D.] 'tower, stretching sorrowfully up to the blue dome of heaven'—(it was about six feet in height).

We left Markt Volkach early, having another stiff pull of twenty-five miles before us, and soon passed several barges fast aground. How these vessels manage to navigate this stream at all in dry weather puzzled us considerably, as even our little vessel, which only drew four or five inches of water, touched ground continually. The scenery began to improve after luncheon, and we passed a lofty pillar erected by Count Schonborn, in 1825, in honour of the Bavarian constitution; then a cheerful-looking little watering place called Lud-

HALTING FOR LUNCH

wigsbad, and soon after got into a long straight reach with a gentle stream, bordered by magnificent oaks down to the water's edge, some of them covered with splendid herons, stretching out their long necks in astonishment at the outlandish craft which was invading their domains. Not far from this point the Main is said to have altered its course considerably, and to have once run by a village called Heidenfeld, where there is an old monastery, in the walls of which rings are fastened, said to have been formerly used by the bargees to moor their vessels to. It is now more than a mile from the bank.

We were not sorry to arrive at Schweinfurt, which we did just before dark. [M. D.] 'Can this city, with its numerous towers and countless magnificent villas, the arches of whose bridge swing so proud and bold over our Franconian stream, be that unknown city with the hideous name, at the sound of which every one thinks of the grunting, unclean, bristly beast, but whose hind leg, nevertheless, one seldom despises.' It is a thriving, busy town, without any object worthy of particular remark, but its quaint, irregular architecture, and the varied colours of the houses, as in all the towns in Franconia, amply repay the

passing traveller for a stroll through its lively streets.

There is a considerable fall in the river at Schweinfurt, which is avoided by a lock, through which we sent our boat under charge of a bargee. We had a trifle to pay for this, and in the printed receipt that was given us, our boat was described as a 'Humpelschelch.'* In a note in M. D., it is said that the proprietors of these boats are called 'Holzhümplers;' so, accordingly, we always inscribed ourselves as such in the police sheets (handed to us by the landlords of the different hotels), to their no small astonishment; a Holzhümpler being, I conceive, somewhat equivalent to a Mississippi lumberman.

There is (or was when we passed) a railway in process of formation between Schweinfurt and Bamberg, which runs for a considerable distance along side of the river; crowds of navvies, as many female as male, were busily at work, *i. e.*, they were so till we hove in sight, and then every mattock and spade was dropped, and they re-

* Our boat passed by all manner of designations, such as Nache, Boot, Kahn, Bootchen, Schiff, Schifflein, Waidzille, Zille, Chaloup, Schinakel, Werri, &c.

mained staring with eyes and mouths open till we were round the next corner out of sight, which, the reaches being long and the stream stiffish, was generally a considerable time. I am afraid that the railway company must have suffered considerably by our transit; and should any crew ever follow in our track, and be prevented, as we were, from going up in the steamer, it would decidedly be to the interest of the company to forward them to Bamberg free of expense.

On a spur of a hill overhanging the river, a few miles above Schweinfurt, is a handsome old chateau, now used as a carpet manufactory, the view from it is one of the finest on the Main; indeed, the scenery from Schweinfurt to Bamberg is all agreeable, and the stream being much milder, and the distances that we had to pull not so great, the disagreeable part of our journey was here ended, and the rest of our trip was unmitigated enjoyment. At the end of a very pleasant day we arrived at Hassfurt, and proceeded merrily on our way, next day, to Eltmann, where our arrival, as usual, occasioned great excitement, and I am much afraid that we considerably disturbed the family arrangements at the little hostelry where we put up; for, they not being accustomed

to receive such distinguished visitors, gave up their private sitting-room for us to feed in, and made up three beds for us in the public saloon. As Smith was going to bed, he descried a kind of trap-door in the wall close to his head, and deeming an investigation expedient, he opened it, and looked through. The first object that met his eyes was a pair of shoes, and a pound of dips, on a ledge ust under his nose: in the dim perspective beyond various objects 'loomed' faintly, which suddenly resolved themselves into the apparition of an affrighted Boots, who flung himself out of bed in a state of great excitement at this sudden and mysterious illumination of his apartment; this circumstance, and the discovery of the remains of an animal looking something like a squashed currant, and about the size of a fourpenny piece, on Coxswain's pillow, induced us, (fearing a visit from the relatives of the now deceased) to desert the bedsteads, and sleep on the floor.

On a height above Eltmann is a lofty round tower, the only relic of a once extensive castle; the view from the top is splendid, embracing all the windings of the Main from Bamberg to Schweinfurt. At and above Eltmann, the river winds very considerably, and many canals have been cut

for the convenience of the navigation. About four or five miles below Bamberg the Regnitz falls into the Main, when, as it is on this river that Bamberg lies, we bid adieu to our old friend, on whose bosom we had floated for so many days, and turned up the stream of its tributary, which is, however, the most considerable stream of the two, as the Main is not navigable above the junction for heavy vessels; and we had a hardish grind up it, the stream being exceedingly strong, so that we were not sorry to arrive at Bamberg; nor were the inhabitants apparently sorry to see us come, if one may judge by the numbers of them that rushed along the banks.

CHAPTER IV.

BAMBERG.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm,
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?
Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam; et cupio omnia quæ vis.
Cùm assectaretur, Numquid vis? occupo. At ille
Nôris nos inquit; docti sumus. Hîc ego: Pluris
Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Miserè discedere quærens
Ire modò ocius interdum consistere . . . . ut illi
Nil respondebam: Miserè cupis, inquit, abire
Jamdudum video: sed nil agis: usque tenebo:
Persequar: hinc quò nunc iter est tibi?

HOR. *Serm. I.*

THE branch of the river by which we entered Bamberg is exceedingly picturesque; the quaint old houses have rows of alcoves in each story, something like opera boxes, painted bright red, blue, and green. We pulled on under a bridge, the approach to which goes under the Rathaus, a handsome building, covered from the water to the roof with fresco painting, and bas-reliefs

curiously blended together, till we arrived at the Canal, where we were received with much excitement by the superintendent of the works, who told us that he had been daily expecting us for a year (alluding, no doubt, to the paragraph in the Wurzburg paper last summer); we left the boat in his charge, and proceeded to our hotel. Two gentlemen called on us the next day, one of whom, Popp by name, had been in Ireland for a long time, spoke English well, with an Irish accent, and was to us a most agreeable and useful cicerone; the other, a professor of something, who had seen us arrive the night before, had been down to the boat to take a sketch of the rudder, and now came to inquire what that extraordinary machine was, that was attached to the stern of the boat by ropes, and which caused us to move with such marvellous velocity. Heaven save us from our friends! this worthy man seemed to think it his mission to take us under his wing. Poor fellow, I believe he meant it most kindly; but of all the intolerable bores that ever were inflicted on any unfortunate victims, surely this individual was the most intense. Providentially he was engaged during the greater part of the day with his pupils,

but at every spare moment he swooped down on us with the most unrelenting kindness. Among other things that he insisted on our seeing, was a collection of rubbish that he had amassed during a life of some sixty years; he had it all spread out in his lecture-room, and for an hour we had to admire a mass of trash, of which the most interesting article, by far, was an old ground-plan of St. Paul's. His pupils were waiting at the door to come in, and we implored them by signs to do so, and put an end to our torture. At last they took compassion on us; but it was of no use; they were bundled out immediately; and it was only when he found that we were all yawning out of a window, having left him simpering by himself over an old number of the *Illustrated News*, that he suffered us to depart. Peace, and a cleaner shirt be with him!

Bamberg is situated nearly in the centre of Germany, and is built somewhat in the shape of the letter K or X; part of it is built on some rising eminence and part on the flat country, on the right bank of the Regnitz, several branches of which river run through the town. [M. D.] 'Therefore one is in doubt whether to call it the German Rome or Venice.'

Under Mr. Popp's able guidance we walked over this most interesting town, admired its splendid old cathedral, and saw the window in the palace from which Marshal Berthier either fell, or threw himself, on the advance of the Russians in 1815. We were very much interested, also, in a visit that we paid to the private orthopœdic hospital for children, of Mr. Wildberger, which is situated on the Michaelsberg, being a part of the vast pile of buildings of the old convent of St. Michael; it has a private entrance to the church, and a beautiful garden, which commands a fine prospect over the town and fertile plain beyond it, with the hills of the Thüringer Wald in the distance. As we walked through it, we observed several of the patients, some lying on their couches in the shade, others playing about, working, reading, &c.; all seemed happy, and fond of their kind protector; nothing, indeed, could exceed the tenderness with which he treated them. We were shown over the whole establishment; everything was beautifully clean and neat; it is conducted on the principle of a school; French, German, geography, writing, and arithmetic being taught; the yearly charge for everything, including board, is something under

fifty pounds.* Mr. Wildberger is not a medical man himself, but his establishment is daily visited by an experienced physician, who attends to the ailments of the children. He was originally a surgical-instrument maker, and being dissatisfied with the orthopœdic instruments in use, he has constructed them on an entirely new principle, which has met with the most unexampled success. We saw some of his patients, whose cures were effected, straight limbed and upright, and he showed us casts of their distorted figures as they had been when they came under his care eighteen months before. We saw other poor little creatures who had just come; these he expected to dismiss cured in about two years. They suffer no pain by his method of treatment, and their health is generally good; we were not surprised to find patients there from all parts of the continent; indeed he has had two from England. After this we strolled out to the lofty tower and ruined walls of the Altenberg, an old castle, formerly the stronghold of the Counts

* If a private servant is sent with the child, about £25 is charged extra; something, also, is expected for the use of the orthopœdic instruments and baths, if required. English, music, and singing are also taught.

of Babenberg. 'The last of them, Adalbert (a robber knight), was executed by the Emperor, Louis the Child, into whose hands he was delivered by the treachery of Bishop Hatto, of Mentz, who persuaded him to visit the Emperor, by making him a solemn promise to conduct him back to his castle in safety. They accordingly set out, but had not proceeded far when Hatto complained of faintness, and they returned to the castle for refreshments; they the nstarted again, and on their arrival at the Emperor's camp, Adalbert was immediately seized and executed; Hatto declaring that he had conducted him once in safety to his castle, and that it was his own folly to start again.' The view from the top of the tower is superb; the neighbouring hills are covered with orchards, hop-gardens, and vineyards; at their feet extends the city, with the huge convent on the Michaelsberg, and the venerable cathedral, with its four towers. From the south-east flows the Regnitz, along the side of which is the canal, with the towers and spires of Nuremberg glittering in the horizon; while, for a considerable distance in the north-east, he Main is seen winding through a country fertile as a garden, till it is lost to sight among the hills, near its junction with the Regnitz. The hill on

which the castle is situated is slipping down in a very remarkable manner; indeed, part of the building has been already carried away, and there is much reason to fear that the rest, with its splendid old tower, will ere long share the same fate.

Bamberg is famous for its beer, and the neighbouring hills are planted extensively with hops; the citizens are in the habit of repairing in the evening to the rock cellars (Felsenkeller)—which are cheerful gardens, without any rocks or cellars visible to the naked eye—to imbibe their favourite beverage. We assisted them on one occasion in this pleasant occupation, and 'laughed and quaffed' for some time to the music of an excellent band, with which these establishments are generally provided.

CHAPTER V.

THE CANAL FROM BAMBERG TO FORCHEIM.

Bauer. Siehst Du! sind neue Völker herein
Kommen frisch von der Saal und dem Main.
Marketenderin. Glück zur ankunft ihr Herren.
SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein's Lager.*

THE engineer of the canal took much interest in our expedition, and kindly presented us with an excellent map,* containing the most minute information, topographical, statistical, &c., concerning this splendid work. The canal is about one hundred and fifty miles in length, and there are

* We unfortunately lost this map; and, as I have now no means of information concerning the canal to refer to, I am unable to give such an exact account of it as I could wish. In Murray's Guide-book (written before the completion of the canal), it is said that there is a tunnel at Nieder-Œlsbach nine hundred feet long, and that there are only ninety-four locks; this is not the case, as, in the course of the work, it was found expedient to make six additional locks, by which means the necessity of a tunnel was avoided.

one hundred locks on it; it enters the beautiful valley of the Altmühl at Dietfurt (which is rendered navigable by locks), about twelve miles above Kelheim, where it joins the Danube. It is about fifty-four feet wide at the top and thirty-four at the bottom. The summit level of the canal is at Neumarkt on the Sulz, three hundred feet above the Danube at Kelheim, three hundred and sixty above the Regnitz at Bamberg, and one thousand three hundred above the sea. At all the principal towns on the banks there is a good-sized harbour for the barges. It was originally planned by Charlemagne, and executed, after the lapse of one thousand years, by the ex-king of Bavaria, in honour of whom it is called the 'Ludwig's Canal;' so that the junction of the German Ocean with the Black Sea is now accomplished, though I believe that we were the first travellers who have been from London to Pesth by water.* In a commercial point of view, it is, I am afraid, a failure, owing partly to the great unfitness of the Main for navigation, on account of the numerous shallows, want of water in summer,

* Last year we rowed over all the water between Cologne and Wurzburg; and this year from Kitzingen, a few miles from that place, to Pesth. So we have pulled some 1000 miles of the whole journey from London to Constantinople.

and the rapidity of the stream; partly to the great difficulty found in supplying the canal with water at the summit level in dry seasons; and last, but not least, to the similarity of the productions at either end; indeed, we were told that it barely paid the working expenses, and we saw but few barges in it; it is, however, exceedingly handsomely constructed, and has a most efficient and numerous staff of officers.

The re-arrangement of the Zollverein, which is now pending, will probably make a vast difference in the traffic of this canal, either for the better or the worse. Should Bavaria coalesce with Austria, all the produce of the Danube, from the Black Sea, may find an outlet through it; while, on the other hand, should she separate from Prussia, and not unite with Austria, the canal would probably lose what little traffic it now has.

We were furnished with a printed pass ('Fahrschein'), for which we had to pay about five shillings, and which had to be endorsed by the superintendent at each lock; a most convenient arrangement, as we had nothing further to pay; and as information was sent on of our coming, the gates were opened, without any delay, at the first sound of Coxswain's cornopean.

Our start from Bamberg, on Friday the 30th of July, caused no small excitement in that quiet old town; indeed, during all our stay there, our little boat was the object of unabated interest, and some of the natives wished to purchase her at the end of our trip. We stopped, shortly after we had left the town, at the military bathing school, where we bathed. These public bathing places in Germany are admirable institutions; a space of about fifty yards by thirty is partitioned off from the river by hoarding, and inside are numerous little dressing rooms. There are douche and shower baths; scaffolds of various heights to jump from; in short, everything that can be required by bathers. The charge is generally about threepence. The consequence is that almost every German can swim, and it is by no means an unusual accomplishment for ladies.

Pulling along the canal was delightfully lazy work, after our hundred mile tug up the Main, and we were agreeably surprised to find that we had an uninterrupted view of the country (which was very pretty) on each side, owing to the canal being generally raised on an embankment, and the water flush with the top. Alongside of the canal from Bamberg to Nuremberg run the river Regnitz, the high road, the railway, and telegraph.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND.

πέτραι
κοῖλαι, φιλόρνεις, δαιμόνων ἀναστροφάι.
ÆSCHYL. *Eumen.*

AT Forcheim, we put our boat into dock, and took a carriage to Streitberg, in order to spend a few days in the Franconian Switzerland.* This remarkable district is situated about fifteen miles from Forcheim, and consists of a high table land intersected by a number of beautiful gorges; the streams that run through which emptying themselves for the most part into the Wiesent, which joins the Regnitz at Forcheim. We did not get to Streitberg till it was dark, but we were conscious

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* This name is quite a misnomer; the style of scenery in the two places being radically different. There is a railway station at Forcheim.

that we were passing through a very picturesque country, and we longed for morning, to commence our explorations. Streitberg is on the Wiesent, and with its old castle on the one side, and that of Niedeck on the other, forms a sort of portal to the district; though really the limestone rocks are arranged in such fantastic shapes, and are so similar in colour to the castle, that (as the old Northamptonshire woman said of her twins) 'each is so like both, that you can hardly tell t'other from which.') This little village is a kind of a watering place, not much frequented by English; and the correct thing is to drink whey of a morning. Our landlord insisted on our having some, but I am afraid that we did not appreciate it, as he brought it up hot and without curds.

We got up early in the morning, and leaving our luggage with strict injunctions that it should be forwarded immediately to Gösweinstein, where we intended to sleep, we started for a walk of about five miles over the hills to the mill at Doos, which is situated at the junction of a brook called the Aufsees with the Wiesent. After a most delicious bathe in the clear cold stream, we strolled up the valley to the castle of Rabeneck, which owes its beauty more to its situation than its architecture.

It stands on a lofty eminence, commanding a view down the exquisite valley, with a most picturesque mill nestling at the foot of the rocks. We returned to the mill at Doos, where we lunched, and then started for the Riesenburg cave. This is one of the most singular and beautiful of the very numerous curiosities of the district; 'it is something like a cone with the top taken off, so as to leave two arches standing, forming, as it were, natural bridges over a dell or glen, scooped out on the right side of the valley. As you enter and look up the broken vault through which the sky appears, you might fancy it indeed to be, as its name implies, a giant's castle.' We ascended by a flight of steps to the high ground, and walked on to the Adlerstein, from whence the best and most extensive panoramic view of the district is to be obtained. We then descended again to the valley of the Wiesent, opposite to Gösweinstein, and finding that there was no bridge, we took off our clothes and swam to the other side, carrying them on our heads. Bow and Smith accomplished this successfully, but unhappy Coxswain slipped, in stepping out, and just as he thought that all risk was over, rolled back, clothes and all, into the water, to the no small delight of his companions.

But he soon had the laugh on his side, for Smith, finding that he had landed his shirt some hundred yards higher up the river than the rest of his clothes, thought that the quickest way of bringing it down would be to swim with it, but as he was careering triumphantly down the middle of the stream, he was wrecked on a rock and his shirt reduced to the same condition as that of Coxswain's. This was about the fifth time that we had bathed on this day. Bow, indeed, had crossed the river seventeen times, dressed and undressed, sometimes on all fours, sometimes swimming, now diving, and occasionally on his head.

On arriving at Gösweinstein, which is situated on the top of the cliff over the river, and to which an exceedingly steep carriage road leads, we found that our luggage had not arrived, so we had to borrow garments of the landlord, and send off a special messenger to Streitberg to endeavour to recover it.

Gösweinstein is, I think, the best head quarters for any one intending to explore this district; there is a very tolerable inn; and for trout fishing, beautiful scenery, fossils, and geological investigations, these diggins are extremely convenient. There is a castle here, from which the prospect is very

singular: it commands a view up three of these curious valleys, which radiate from under it like the spokes of a wheel.

The next morning we regained our luggage, and found the little town in a state of great excitement, owing to its being the 'Jahrmarkt,' a kind of quarterly fair, to which all the peasants of the neighbourhood flock in great quantities. The one at Gösweinstein is very popular, owing to there being a celebrated pilgrimage church there. It was an amusing sight, and the dresses of the Bavarian peasants were very striking. The men wear low crowned beavers, with enormous brims looped up on three sides, making a kind of flat cocked hat; some wear a high-crowned one, much bigger at the top than the bottom, and generally with a bunch of artificial flowers, or a piece of gilt gingerbread, stuck in the band. Their coats are cut straight and very long, and their waistcoats very short, with rows of enormous metal buttons (sometimes of silver) overlapping each other, and high Hessian boots; their presence altogether savours somewhat of the Greenwich pensioner, with a slight alloy of the British bishop. The ladies wear generally red handkerchiefs round their heads, bright coloured short petticoats, with

a stripe round the bottom, yellow gaiters, and bare feet. The women in Bavaria, apparently, do all the hard work in the fields, the men generally contenting themselves with looking on and smoking, and occasionally condescending to drive a cart.

The next day we walked up the Ahornthal, watered by the Essbach, to the Castle of Rabenstein: it is even more romantic in its situation than that of Rabeneck. Not far from it is the most celebrated cave of the district, the 'Sophien's Höhle,' which, having provided a guide and lights, we entered. It is well worth seeing; the fossil bones are very numerous, bears and hyænas' skulls, deer horns, &c. &c. They are not allowed to be removed. There are three or four chambers in the cavern, and the stalactites and stalagmites are most beautiful; some formed into groups like human figures, others like folding drapery, which were quite transparent, and when struck gave out a tone like a bell, &c. &c. Before we emerged from the cavern, we were much struck by the beautiful and peculiar effect of the valley in the bright sunlight, as seen through the mouth of the cave, we ourselves standing back in darkness. The whole of this valley abounds with caves, one of which we found

to be useful as well as ornamental, as we took refuge in it during a thunder storm. We had one more valley to explore, the one which leads from Gösweinstein by Tüchersfeld to Pottenstein. It is of the same character as the others, a beautiful trout stream running through meadows of the brightest green, and bounded on each side by precipitous rocks, three hundred feet high, broken up into every imaginable fantastic form, like a party of colossal idols picnicing in the valley.* Bow and Smith, in ascending the hill side, almost dreaded to look behind them, for they shuddered, as the old tale in the *Arabian Nights* rose to their minds, lest, like the Princes Bahman and Perviz, they too should be turned into stone, Coxswain being no

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* The rocky summits split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The briar rose fell in streamers green, &c. &c.
SCOTT'S *Lady of the Lake.*

Parizade, either in look or action, to bring them back to their original forms. He was generally indeed rather averse to mounting a hill, being of opinion that if it was a high one, it would probably be covered with clouds, and if low that it would not be worth the trouble.

We hired a carriage at Pottenstein, to take us back to Forcheim. The vehicle was a kind of straw tray, without springs, and with a board across it, furnished with a pole, and one horse. With a nail or two in the bottom of it, it would have been admirable training for Regulus. What an awful drive that was! and what a relief it was when we came to a steep hill, and could get out and walk. However, to Forcheim we did get at last, though not a little sore.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CANAL BETWEEN FORCHEIM AND KELHEIM.

By means of this canal one might embark at Tower Stairs and go by water to Constantinople.

MURRAY'S *Southern Germany.*

ON our return to Forcheim, we found an Englishman waiting for us, who had come over expressly by railway from Bamberg, when he heard of our being in these parts, in order to make a bid for our boat; we told him that he could have it if he communicated with us at Vienna, but we never heard any more of him. We left Forcheim at nine, A.M., and the people who collected to see us start were highly amused at the idea of our attempting to get to Nuremberg the same evening. On our saying that we should be there by six, one individual observed, that if we did, he would cut his throat. I hope he did not commit

suicide; but at Nuremberg we certainly arrived before that hour, and stopped three hours by the way. One of the places at which we halted was Erlangen, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, and possessing a university. Just before arriving at Nuremberg, we passed, at a little distance from the canal, the manufacturing city of Fürth, containing 15,000 inhabitants, about one quarter of whom are Jews, who, not being allowed to settle in Nuremberg, have started an opposition city here, which bids fair to become a formidable rival to its ancient and illiberal neighbour. Near this place one of the most celebrated battles between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein took place.

Our entry into Nuremberg was not very imposing. We chartered a porter to wheel our baggage into the town, which is some little distance from the canal. The bottom of his barrow was formed of cross bars, so wide apart that our baggage kept continually falling through; so, after stopping some dozen times to collect the scattered articles, we were ultimately obliged to carry them ourselves. The Wittelsbacher Hof, at which we stayed, was the worst hotel that we were in during our whole expedition.

This grand old city is surrounded by ramparts,

and what was formerly a moat, but is now a garden, with numerous turrets, which at one time, it is said, were three hundred and sixty-five in number; and I should think that there must be as many still, as, in a space of three hundred yards, we counted eighteen. The fortifications were planned by Albert Durer, who was a native of the town, and whose house still remains. The Pegnitz, crossed by fourteen bridges, divides the town into two nearly equal parts, named after the two great churches situated within them; the northern, St. Sebald's side; the southern, St. Lawrence's side. The large forests to the north and south of the town are also called, for the same reason, the Sebaldi and Lorenzi Wald. Not far from Nuremberg this river joins the Rednitz; the united streams then bear the name of the Regnitz, which runs alongside of the canal, and joins the Main below Bamberg. I will not attempt any description of the objects of interest in this the most interesting city in all Germany, if not in Europe; even if there were not already so many accounts of it written, I should shrink from a task for which I feel myself so incompetent. The two grand churches, the Rathaus, the citadel, the church of St. Giles, and that of the

Virgin, the fountains, the old burial ground, &c., were all in their turn visited and thoroughly appreciated.

Nuremberg appears to be a very flourishing, as well as beautiful town, if one may judge from the number of handsome houses that were being built in the suburbs, most of them in very good taste, and in the same style as the houses in the old town. As we were walking one day down the corridor in the Rathaus, the ceiling of which is so quaintly adorned with the representation of a tournament, in full relief, the size of life, and gaudily painted, we saw many people passing and repassing through a door, and thought we would look in and see what was going on. It turned out to be a trial, and hoping to pick up some idea which we might turn to advantage on our return in Westminster Hall, we stopped for a short time and listened to the proceedings; but I can't say that it was particularly interesting. The main point, it appeared, was for how long a period the prisoner should be incarcerated, and the judges, counsel, and prisoner, were talking the matter over together in a very business-like and amicable manner, and I have no doubt ultimately settled it

to their entire satisfaction; but we did not wait to hear the result.

We left Nuremberg at three P.M. for Feucht: it was a very short distance, and we accomplished it in about two hours. It was the first rainy day that we had had; indeed, the weather had all along been so hot, that Smith's wrists were much burnt and swollen, so that we found the rain rather an agreeable change than otherwise; being clothed entirely in flannel, and not formed either of salt or sugar, we were quite indifferent to being wet, as the sun always dried us completely in about ten minutes. We left our boat in care of the lock-keeper, with orders to send it on by the next barge, through a series of about thirty locks that come one after the other at this place, and walked to Feucht, which is about one mile and a half from the canal. Feucht was formerly in the direct road from Nuremberg to Ratisbon, and we found the little inn there (the Post) particularly comfortable. The landlord told us that he used generally to have four or five English families there every day in the season, in the old times, before the rail was opened, but that now he never sees any. In one of our bed-rooms there we

found a most remarkable implement: it consisted of a straight piece of wood, about four feet in height, with a box attached to one end of it, and a mystic spring to the other. Opinions were divided as to whether it was a prie-Dieu, an elaborate boot-jack, or some other sort of device more useful than ornamental. On inquiry, we found it to be a spittoon.

Our host who was a most intelligent, well educated man, told us that there was a bridge on the canal which we should on no account miss seeing, and volunteered to be our guide; so he conducted us to a place where the canal was carried by a very handsome aqueduct with one bold arch over a gorge of considerable depth. The scene was very pretty, but it was not that which he had brought us there to see. On one side of the arch there was a considerable extent of apparently solid masonry, with a door in the centre, through which we entered, and then, aided by the light of torches, which were brought on purpose, we found that we were in a vaulted apartment of considerable extent, with an arched roof, like the aisle of a miniature cathedral: the walls were incrusted with a coating of stone, formed by the dripping from the roof. The coup-d'œil was exceedingly striking, but the

chief wonder of the place was the marvellous echo, which repeated more than fifty times. On emerging from this, we took leave of our host, and walked on about six miles to join our boat, which we found all right at the other side of the furthest lock.

We were now at the summit level of the canal, and had a long stretch without any locks, the water behind us flowing into the German Ocean, and that before us, into the Black Sea; we soon entered a deep cutting, about one mile long, (where the tunnel was originally intended to have been,) and when we had passed this, we found that we had got out of the Lorenzi Wald, and were in a picturesque valley, with castles, villages, and spires scattered about on every side. The country people in Germany generally have the most vague ideas of distances, owing partly to their seldom moving above a mile from their own homes, and partly to their reckoning by the 'Stund,' which sometimes means half a German mile, sometimes the distance that a man could walk, or a carriage or steam-boat traverse in an hour, according to the opinion of the individual asked; and as they would sometimes reckon what they thought that we could do in an hour, (and some thought that we

could not go faster than a man could walk, and others that we could beat the fastest steamer,) we were not much the wiser for being told that such a place was 'one Stund off,' or 'half a strong Stund, or 'five quarters of a little Stund.' We had a narrow escape this day of breaking an oar, owing to Bow's forgetting to ship as we passed through a bridge, against which it accordingly caught; had it not been a most wonderful piece of wood it must have smashed, for it bent nearly double; if it had broken, we should have been in an awkward predicament, for we could not have got it replaced, oars not being used on the canal, the Main, or the Danube; and on the Rhine their idea of an oar is confined to a piece of board nailed on to the end of a pole. We stopped at Neumarkt, and intended to have walked out to the castle of Wolfstein, a conspicuous object on a hill about four miles off; but it commenced raining, so we gave it up and played skittles instead. This German game of skittles is a great improvement on that indulged in commonly in English pothouses; it is similar to the American game, except in the number of the pins, the German game having only the legitimate nine, while the Yankees use ten; the tenth having been

added to shirk a law which was passed against the game of *nine*pins. The German alleys are laid out with great care, and it is deservedly a very popular game with all classes. The Prince of T. had one in his grounds at Donaustauf.

The next day we began to descend, and arrived at a place where there were two locks very near together, and as a barge was coming through the lower one, the lock-keeper was not in attendance to open the other for us; so Smith thought that he would usurp his office, in order to save time, and accordingly opened the sluices, and then discovered that the lower ones were not closed, and that he was not up to the trick of shutting them; so the water made a clean sweep through, soon filled up the space between the two locks, and then ran over. This quickly brought up the missing lock-keeper, as well as the one from the lock above, and they began to quarrel, calling each other 'Sacramente Colfactör,' which may be strong language in German, but, as I don't know what it means, I suppose there is no harm in my quoting it. Smith, in the mean time, finding the dispute in such good hands, and thinking it a pity to disturb them, left them to fight it out, and strolled on to the next lock. As we descended,

the people appeared to get more and more astonished; even the pigs and oxen began to stare, and to judge by the faces of the people who were at work in the fields, and who could only see our heads mysteriously gliding along, I should imagine they thought that we were spirits; that is to say, if they ever trouble themselves to think at all, which I am rather inclined to doubt.

We passed two tolerable sized towns, called Beilingries and Berching,* before we arrived at Dietfurt, which is at some little distance from the banks of the canal, which at this point enters the Altmühl, and where we put up for the night. The lock-keeper, who hadbeen one of the Bavarian volunteers under King Otho in Greece, offered to carry our luggage to the best inn in the place, which he told us 'was a very bad town, inhabited only by old peasants.' It was certainly not a very imposing city, nor was the public to which our guide directed us particularly inviting. However, it was the best in the place; in which I believe no foreigner ever before set his foot. On the appearance of Boniface, a fat

* Should any party ever follow in our track, it would be better for them to send on the boat from Nuremberg to the summit level, drive out in a carriage to meet it the next morning, sleep that night at Beilingries and the next at Kelheim

Astonishment exhibited by the natives

little man with winking eyes, and a skull cap on his head, and who combined in his own dignified person the functions of landlord, waiter, cook, chambermaid, and boots, we inquired what we could have to eat? to which he laconically replied, 'Nothing.' However, we ultimately managed to procure some pancakes, bread, cheese, butter, cucumbers, and milk. Our beds were made up for us in the 'Saal,' which, in these out of the way caravanseries, seems generally to be considered the chamber of honour. In the morning our plump little host paid us a visit in our room, for no ostensible purpose, unless it was to see how we got through the mysteries of the toilet. We asked him from what part of the world he thought we had come, he said, Nuremberg, which place he probably considered to be at the extreme limit of the civilized world. We told him that we were from Russia; to which he grinned acquiescence, as he most likely would have done, had we told him that we were from Patagonia, or the North Pole. Smith, happening to have a tooth brush in his hand, shewed it to the little man, and asked him if he had ever seen such an instrument before, or knew its use; which soft impeachment he repudiated; and on learning that it was a newly

invented instrument for coaxing corks out of bottles, he observed with the air of a connoisseur: 'Sehr zweckmässig.'* Our bill at this remarkable establishment for dinners, beds, and breakfasts, amounted in all to the sum of one shilling and fivepence a head.

We were here on a Sunday, and the costumes were most curious, those of the men for the most part similar to those at Gösweinstein (p. 39); but the disguise of the ladies was very peculiar: they wore gowns very short in the waist, with the sleeves wadded out to an enormous size, making their shoulders about three feet across, and rendering it impossible for them to put their arms down to their sides; the boys had similar sleeves, enormous beaver hats, and knee-breeches, and were altogether the most extraordinary looking little beings it is possible to conceive.

The valley of the Altmühl, between Dietfurt and Kelheim, is most charming; the scenery reminded us much of that of the so-called Franconian Switzerland, but the cliffs are much higher here, and the castles better worth looking at; those of Rabenfels and Prunn are perched on the tops of very

* Exceedingly well adapted to the purpose.

lofty cliffs, and are exceedingly striking. But what delighted us most was the exquisite clearness and rapidity of the stream, after the turbid waters of the Main, and the stagnation of the canal. Of course we took advantage of the first convenient place to bathe. After swimming about for some minutes, the treacherous Smith crept out, and having stealthily arrayed himself in Coxswain's shirt, proceeded to the bank, and inquired of that unsuspecting victim, 'What he would bet that he (Smith) would not jump in as he was?' He, (Coxswain) not knowing the designing character of the proposer, responded: 'One gulden;' when in a moment Smith disappeared under water, and then getting out resumed his own dry garments.

We stopped for a short time at Riedenburg, and Smith went out with the basket to collect provender. At the inn to which he directed his steps, the landlord was very curious to know how the flannel apparition before him had arrived in those parts. After Smith had, at great expense, explained to him all about it, he said: 'I suppose you are freighted with coffee and sugar, nicht wahr?' When Smith left the inn with his booty, he found the streets, which were tolerably lively as he had passed through before, absolutely

deserted, but when he came to the river the phenomenon was explained; every individual had poured down to the bank to see the Britishers' mahogany boat, and some of them, with whom we entered into conversation, laughed us to scorn when we said that we were going down the Danube in her. When we started, a regular scramble took place along the side, like the rush at the boat-races at Oxford. However, we were not long in tailing them off; but one young lady kept up for such a time that we thought she would like to come with us, so we stopped and proposed to take her in, but without effect.

We made a triumphant entry into Kelheim about five in the evening, and immediately started off to investigate an enormous round mass of scaffolding on the top of the Michaelsberg, the hill between the Danube and Altmühl; this proved to be a rotunda temple, called the 'Befreiung's Halle,' now in course of erection, and commenced by the ex-king of Bavaria, to commemorate the War of Liberation. As we were ascending the hill, we had our first view of the majestic old Danube, with whom we were soon to become so intimately acquainted, just emerging from between two abrupt walls of rock, and pursuing its silent and

rapid course through an extensive plain till lost sight of among the hills about ten miles off to the east.

It would be well worth any traveller's while to visit Kelheim, there being several objects of interest in the neighbourhood, such as the valley of the Altmühl, along whose picturesque banks there is a delightful drive or walk; the 'Befreiung's Halle,' commanding a beautiful and extensive view; the Devil's Wall, or Pfalgraben, an earthen rampart, built by the Romans, and faced with stone, to protect themselves against the invasion of the Germans, and carried directly up hill and down dale from the banks of the Danube to those of the Rhine. Immediately above Kelheim also, the Danube passes through a defile called 'Lange Wand,' about a mile in length; it is the finest part of the river from its source to the Black Sea; and the cliffs in the neighbourhood abound with caves, one of which, the 'Schuler Loch,' was, we were told, a very roaring lion: but we did not venture into its mouth, as we had seen the 'Sophien Höhle,' which must certainly be superior, and we were impatient to commence our descent of the Danube.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DANUBE FROM WELTENBURG TO DONAUSTAUF.

Sonci appariti tre fieri giganti,
Non so di quel paese o di qual regno
Ma molto son feroci tutti quanti.

PULCI'S *Morgante Maggiore.*

BEFORE we embark on the Danube, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to say a few words about general features and peculiarities, between Weltenburg and Pesth.* It is, after the Wolga, the largest river in Europe. Its course is (for the most part) from West to East, passing through the finest river scenery in this continent. Numberless castles and several magnificent monasteries adorn its banks; and, in our opinion, there is nothing on the Rhine that can be compared with the finest parts of the Danube.†

* About four hundred and fifty miles.

† In justice to the Rhine, however, it should be mentioned that the castles on its banks are in most cases far superior, in picturesque beauty, to those on the Danube: three-fifths of those

After passing through the defile above Kelheim,* it traverses a plain for about ten miles, and then passes for about the same distance between low hills to Ratisbon; just below which town the hills of the Böhmerwald rise on the left, while an extensive and fertile plain occupies the right bank. At Kinzing it enters the hills, and continues amid scenery more or less grand to Aschach; from thence to Ardegger, near Grein (with the exception of a defile about eight miles in length immediately above Linz), it passes through an archipelago of islands, its branches extending themselves occasionally over an expanse of country more than three miles in width. It then enters another defile which reaches, with the exception of a few miles above Mölk, to Stein; from thence to Komorn (with the exception of a few miles immediately above Vienna and Presburg) it traverses another wide archipelago; then with low round hills on the right, and a plain on the left, it pursues its course for about twenty miles, to Gran, where it enters another defile; the mountains on the right continuing all the way to Pesth, those

on that river being nothing but large white chateaux, with little windows and tall roofs, which would never attract the slightest notice if it were not for their commanding position.

* See Map.

on the left ceasing at Waitzen, where the river takes a sudden turn to the south.

The Danube is navigated by steamers from Ulm to the Black Sea; the principal traffic carried on above Vienna is in wood, of which vast quantities are sent down its water from the Tyrol, the forests on its banks, and those of its tributaries. The stream is so strong that it requires an enormous number of horses to drag even empty barges against it.

Below Gönyo, in Hungary, the navigation is not nearly so intricate as above, nor is the stream so rapid; and as the use of steam-tugs is rapidly increasing (we heard that engines for thirty had been ordered from England last year), it is to be hoped that this magnificent stream will be turned to some other use that turning the wheels of the multitudinous floating water-mills, large fleets of which are continually seen below Vienna. Except near Pesth we saw no rafts, and never an oar or a sail.

There are stone bridges at Ratisbon, Straubing Passau, and (over one branch) at Vienna, where a railway also crosses the river. There are wooden bridges of slight construction, but perfectly secure, and which are removed in winter, at Kelheim,

Donaustauf, Deggendorf, Vilshofen, Linz, Stein, and Vienna; bridges of boats at Presburg, Komorn, and Gran, and a magnificent suspension bridge at Pesth.

The current of the Danube is very strong, and in some places, especially between Vilshofen and Aschach, and in the neighbourhood of the Strudel and Wirbel, very turbulent; and in the broader parts, when the wind is high, the waves rise to a considerable height, breaking into white horses at the top like the sea. However, we were gradually initiated into all these variations of the stream; though had we come upon them all at once, we might have hesitated before attempting them; we soon, however, found out the capabilities of our little craft, and that if we sat quietly in her, and pulled steadily, with careful steering, we could pass all the so-called dangers of the Danube with the most perfect security. The shallows among the islands were much more awkward than any of the places that the natives make such a fuss about, as we were several times obliged to jump out of our boat to save her bottom from being broken through when we touched ground.

The waters of the Danube emit a peculiar hissing

simmering noise, something like the sound heard when the ear is placed just over a glass of soda water recently poured out, but, of course, infinitely louder; this we first observed at Passau after the influx of the Inn, and we thought it was the sound of the wind among the leaves of the trees; but as it did not cease, even when there were no trees near, but, on the contrary, was heard more distinctly, we were convinced that it came from the water alone: this continued for a long way down the river, but we did not observe it below Presburg. The breadth of the stream varies exceedingly; we thought it to be narrowest at Weltenburg. Its broadest parts, where it is confined to a single stream, are at Deggendorf, just below Aschach (where it is nearly half-a-mile in breadth) before it enters the islands, and the reach immediately above Pesth, at which city, however, it is no broader than the Thames at Hungerford Bridge. Of course this does not apply to those parts where the river flows among the islands, as just below Presburg, for instance, where there is one island of itself twenty miles broad.

As above mentioned, the grandest part of the Danube is immediately above Kelheim; and as

the current was too strong for us to pull up against it, we took the steamer at nine A.M., and proceeded in her on our upward voyage. We soon found ourselves entirely surrounded by perpendicular walls of grey limestone, rising from the water's edge, without the vestige of a ledge between their bases and the stream, which whirls round the sharp turns among the cliffs in tumultuous eddies. So steep, indeed, are the walls of rocks, and so rapid the rush of water, that the only way that barges can make their way against it is by hooking on to iron rings, which are for that purpose driven, at intervals, into the cliffs. The scenery continued increasing, if possible, in grandeur, till we arrived at Weltenburg, where the rocks recede from the river on the right bank, leaving an open space on which the monastery of Weltenburg is built; we descended here and took our breakfast in the courtyard of the building: there are not above six or seven monks there now, the greater part of it being appropriated to farm purposes, and part is an hotel. After breakfast we adjourned to the bank, and, to the great edification of the monks, proceeded to measure the river, by trying to throw stones across; this we at last succeeded in doing, though it was about the top

of our work; we calculated, therefore, the distance to be about one hundred and twenty-five yards. We thought that this was the narrowest point of the river that we passed.

We took our first bathe in the Danube at this place. Smith's header was not a propitious one, inasmuch as he came against the rocks at the bottom. Had his head not been protected by his hands, the damage might have been serious; as it was, he escaped with the loss of a considerable amount of cuticle from his fists and muzzle. For our return we engaged a punt, navigated by a woman and her son, and so dropped down stream to Kelheim in about half an hour.

On Monday, the 9th of August, we embarked in our little boat, for the first time, on the waters of the Danube, and proceeded merrily on our way to Ratisbon, which is about twenty miles distant. The road runs alongside of the river as far as Abach, near which place there is a tablet in the cliff to commemorate the blasting of the rock and formation of the road, with two stone lions, one looking into the river, and the other apparently trying to make out the inscription. The scenery is agreeable, but not exciting, and we passed no particular objects of interest. The stream carried

us along at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour without much exertion on our part. When we arrived at Ratisbon, we debated whether we should halt above or below the bridge. Most fortunately we decided on the former; for the next morning, when crossing it, we found the rush of water through the arches so tremendous, that we could not have shot it in safety; and even if we had escaped being capsized by the waves, we must have been smashed, as immediately below there were a quantity of piles, which we could not possibly have avoided. The passage of the bridge is so awkward, that passengers coming by water from above, and going beyond Ratisbon, have to disembark here, as steamers cannot pass. It is a very picturesque old structure, and one would regret to see it pulled down; yet we could not but agree with the remark of Napoleon,—"Votre pont est très désavantageusement bâti pour la navigation."

Ratisbon´ is an interesting old town. The streets are narrow, and rather gloomy; that of the ambassadors is remarkably striking. The old palaces in it (now shops and offices) are still adorned with the insignia of the different countries that their former occupiers represented.

Many of the houses have lofty towers (our hotel, the Golden Cross, had one) from which a fine view can be obtained; and some are decorated externally with frescoes: one we observed with a representation of Goliath and David, the figure of the former reaching from the ground to the topmost story of the house. The cathedral, one of the finest Gothic churches in Germany, has been lately restored in exceedingly good taste by the ex-king; a flying buttress is thrown out from its portal, so as to form a double archway, the effect of which is very good. The ascent to the top is by the 'Esel's Thurm' (asses' tower), so called because the materials for building the cathedral were carried on asses' backs up it by means of a winding inclined plane. There are two other cathedrals of even more ancient date closely adjoining.

The architecture of the old Scotch Benedictine church is very quaint, and the doorway is surrounded with figures of all kinds of eccentric griffins and crocodiles. In the Rathaus is contained the Torture Chamber, the most painfully interesting remnant of former customs that it has ever been my lot to behold. It is minutely described in Murray, but I cannot resist mention-

ing some of the horrid instruments we saw. In the upper part of the building were the rooms formerly used by the Diet; below are the dungeons, some about six feet square and five feet high; and others, like wells, about twelve feet deep. The Torture Chamber is divided into two parts by a wooden grating, on one side of which the judges sat, gloating over the agonies, and jotting down the confessions, of their miserable victims. Then in the other room is the horizontal rack, with a windlass for stretching the criminal, and a spiked roller with which he is rubbed down during the process; the vertical rack, a triangle to which the arms of the sufferer are tied backward, and then run up to the ceiling, with a heavy weight attached to his heels; an arm chair, full of blunt spikes in the seat, on which the criminal is made to sit with weights in his lap; a ladder, with revolving wooden prisms instead of rounds, up and down which he was hauled with his back-bone against the sharp edges; a wooden horse, with a narrow, sharp, and jagged edge, on which he was forced to ride, with fifty pound weights, instead of spurs, attached to his heels, &c. &c. All these instruments are in perfect preservation, and are worn with use. They certainly bring the old

stories of the horrors of the Inquisition vividly before one's mind, and it really was a relief to find ourselves once more with sound limbs in the open air.

We never knew what heroes we were till we arrived at Ratisbon; dropping down a river in a pair-oar is certainly an easy way of gaining immortality, but here we found out that we had crossed the Channel and pulled up the Rhine and Main in our boat, that we intended to go down the Danube to the Black Sea in her, and then to return by the Mediterranean, the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Bay of Biscay. It appeared that the newspapers had been singing about us to this tune for some time, but we had heard nothing of it before. We had hard work to contradict all these reports, and quite without effect, for we found that they went the round of the continent, and were even published in the English papers. Rowing, or any kind of exercise or enterprise, which is not directly lucrative, is so utterly incomprehensible to the Teutonic mind, and the idea of any one's venturing on the Danube without a regular pilot, or in anything less than a steamer, is considered so wildly rash (so many of the natives having never seen the sea), that I verily believe they did not think it the least

unlikely (now that they saw us really on the Danube) that we had passed the Channel; nor that any boat or crew that would brave the terrific dangers of the Strudel* and Wirbel, would hesitate for an instant in crossing the Bay of Biscay; and when they discovered that the marvellous boat was built of mahogany, and that none of the crew had ever set eyes on the Danube before, thousands flocked down to the bridge and banks of the river, to see us meet with the punishment due to our presumption, in the breakers below the bridge. But I fear that we disappointed them sadly. Having previously examined the spot, we found that the arches of the bridge nearest to the left bank were separated from the others by a dam of masonry, which runs obliquely up stream for some distance to a mill; to this breakwater we pulled, and hoisting our boat over it, launched her again in the calm water below. Immediately below the bridge is the island of Wörth, where is the depôt for the steamers; opposite, on the left bank, the river Regen (rain) falls into the Danube, from which Ratisbon takes its name; it being called Regensburg in German, which certainly is a very appro-

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* See page 61.

priate denomination as far as our experience went. Next day the newspapers were full of yarns about us. A messenger was sent to ask us the length of our boat, in order to decide a wager; some Ratisbon wiseacre having bet that it was not twelve feet in length. We dropped down the river to Donaustauf, about six miles, near to which is the celebrated Walhalla. As we were backing and filling about the bank in front of the village, uncertain where to put up our boat, a gentlemanlike priest, tutor to the young princes of T., whose father has a handsome palace here, came down to us with a message from the Princess (her husband being absent at a watering place), inviting us to put up our boat at their bathing place. This we did, and found it a very great convenience; the young princes then showed us through their father's very pretty garden, to the hotel. The people at the inn were quite non-plussed at our appearance, coming as we did through the palace gardens, and arrayed, or rather disarrayed, in boating costume, and were not particularly surprised when we told them that we had arrived in a balloon. We visited that evening the castle of Donaustauf, originally belonging to the bishop of Ratisbon, and destroyed in the thirty years' war, and which

is situated on a height over the village. The view from it is fine; the ruins carefully preserved; and the hill and approaches to it tastefully laid out in the style of an English park by the prince whose property it now is.

The next morning we started for the Walhalla, which is about a mile and a half distant, on the summit of a hill, above the Danube, along the winding course of which, from Ratisbon to Straubing, and over the extensive plain on the opposite side, there is a splendid view, with the snowy peaks of the Tyrolese Alps in the extreme distance; but it was too hazy to see them when we were there. The Walhalla, I need hardly mention, is a colossal Grecian temple, built by the ex-king as a national temple of fame for Germany, in which are placed busts of the worthies of German origin, from the time of Arminius (or Hermann), the vanquisher of Varus, to the present day. It is as perfect in taste as it is in form, the marble mosaic pavement, the beautiful statues of Victory, sculptured by Rauch (a cast of one of which was in the Great Exhibition last year), the arabesques and caryatides harmonize so well together, that the more one sees the more one appreciates its beauty and exquisite proportions. There are no busts of those of whom

no authentic portrait is preserved; in their places are tablets with the names attached in letters of gold. Among them are Alfred, Egbert, Hengist, and Horsa; other two are inscribed to the architect of Cologne Cathedral and 'the author of the Niebelungen Lied,' whose names are not known. The bust of Luther was for a long time refused admittance, but has been recently placed there.

On our return, we found the princes and their tutor waiting for us. They invited us to come and see the chateau, where we dined: it was extensive, and handsomely furnished, and, what was better, it seemed exceedingly comfortable. We afterwards went through the stables, which were very well appointed, with a riding-school attached; and many of the horses, and some of the carriages (of which there was a complete regiment of different sorts), had come from England. Indeed, the prince seemed to be rather bitten with Anglomania, his private den being hung with Landseer's engravings and sporting prints, foxes' brushes and hunting-whips. We were much struck by the numerous splendid stags' heads which adorned the entrance-hall of the palace—many of them royal. The princess, observing our admiration, told us that if we would stay another day, she

would send us up with the head forester to see the deer and wild boar in the preserves—which offer we accepted with great pleasure. Accordingly, the next day we went up to the forester's lodge; he received us with all honour, and conducted us through the 'Thier Garten,' as the forest set apart for game is called. We saw some deer, and great numbers of wild boar—gaunt, hideous long-legged pigs, with white tusks, with little brindled young ones, called 'flüsslingen;' but, although they were so ugly in appearance, their pace was exceedingly rapid, and the moment they perceived us, they twisted their little tails in the air, and, with a grunt, vanished like lightning through the trees. I imagine that the shooting of these animals is not attended with any very great difficulty or danger, as at certain places there are strong barriers of wood, with holes through them, on one side of which fodder is laid for the animals, and through which they could be (I don't say that they are) shot by the sportsman. On our return from our walk, we sat down with the Jäger on a bench before the lodge, and whiled away the time, till the arrival of the princes, who were coming up for us with a carriage, in listening to his stories of adventure by flood and field. The spear is seldom

if ever used now for killing the boar,—he falls ignominiously by the fatal bullet. The prince has occasionally large hunting parties, which the ladies sometimes join; the last time, however (the Jäger told us), the fair portion of the field gave forth such an odour of pommade and Macassar, that they spoilt all the sport—for no one could get within half-a-mile of the boar or deer, whose olfactory nerves are particularly sensitive. There is a great quantity of game in the prince's enormous property, and it costs him nearly £3000 a-year in compensation to the farmers for damage done to the crops. We then entered into a learned discussion on the comparative merits of German and English sports. By the time we (or rather our entertainer) had finished a considerable amount of beer, and smoked about a dozen pipes, and settled—to our own satisfaction, at any rate—that a stump over the turnips after partridges in England, or ten minutes with the jelly dogs, would afford more real sport than shooting all the pigs in Fatherland, we heard the trumpet of the princess's fat coachman, sounding forth the notes of 'God save the Queen,' and saw the carriage slowly coming up the hill, with our friend the tutor inside, and two of the princes riding a-head. On our return, we

went into the gymnastic school; and after indulging in all kinds of exercises, initiated the young gentlemen into the mysteries of leap-frog, the result of which was, that Smith damaged the muscles of his right thigh, so that he could not stand at ease without either bending his body or lifting his leg; fortunately, however, it did not prevent his pulling, inasmuch as the position necessary for that exercise, was the most comfortable in which he could place himself.

The next day Coxswain presented our kind entertainer with a sketch of the scene at our reception at Donaustauf. I need hadly tell the reader that it was most spiritedly executed, and will, I am sure, be much prized by its possessor. Another of the crew also gave one of the boys (who understood English) a copy of a work that last year made much sensation in our own country, and the name of which I would tell the reader, only it is now out of print; and I would not willingly raise hopes in his mind which could only be doomed to disappointment. We then invited the princess to take an excursion with us in the boat, little thinking that she would accept the offer, but, to our surprise, she seemed delighted with the idea, and stepped in with far greater

pluck than most English ladies would into a boat in the Thames, and just as if she had been accustomed to it all her life; indeed, we were much more nervous about it than she was, for the stream was very strong, and our passenger not much under twelve stone, which with Coxswain standing up behind, brought down the stern of our little craft to within a few inches of the water, and its bows proportionately up; but I suppose her Highness is reserved for some other death than drowning, for we landed her again in safety. We took leave of this agreeable family with much regret (I think the boys imagined that we were the nearest approach to angels that have hitherto visited the banks of the Danube), and pulled off for Straubing, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and Coxswain playing 'God save the Queen,' till we lost sight of each other.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DANUBE FROM DONAUSTAUF TO ENGELHARDZELL.

Ein Ungewitter zieh sich über Ihnen
Zusammen, noch weit droheuder als jenes
Das Sie vordem zu Regensburg gestürtzt.

SCHILLER'S *Piccolomini.*

WITH the hills of the Böhmerwald on our left, sometimes close to the banks, and sometimes at a little distance, and on our right the flat, fertile plain stretching far away to the south, to the bases of the distant Alps, we continued our way. The river winds in the most remarkable and provoking manner; at one time we thought that we had arrived at Straubing; then, again, we were far away; now it appeared to the right, and now to the left; but I believe these twists saved us a ducking, for a thunder-storm was chasing us, and at one time we came under the edge of the cloud

and felt a few drops, but we turned away from it again, and got dry into Straubing. The Danube did not originally run under the walls of this town, but the inhabitants, in A.D. 1480, by damming up the old bed, have turned it to its present course; on this account they are said to 'have ploughed' the Danube, and the city bears a plough in its arms. There is another old stone bridge here, which hinders the navigation very much; and there is a rapid under it almost as bad as that at Ratisbon, but without any piles below, and we shot through without any difficulty.

There is a melancholy story attached to this bridge:—'Albert, son of Duke Ernest of Bavaria, secretly married Agnes Bernauer, a girl of low birth, but great beauty. When this came to his father's ears, he caused Agnes to be seized in her husband's absence, and cast into the Danube from this bridge. She, however, succeeded in struggling to the bank, when a wretch caught her by the hair, and held her under water till she perished. She was buried not far from the place.' At this place, as well as at some others, we were taken for Hungarians. This was also the case last year, when we were on the Rhine. It puzzled us much to ascertain the reason; perhaps it may be owing

to the very striking similarity of the dress of the Hungarian gentlemen to ours in England.

The plain still continued on our right as we went on to Deggendorf; but on the left, the hills are very beautiful, with several conspicuous buildings; such as Ober Altaich, a Benedictine convent, whose church is decorated with fresco paintings; where monks are drawn exorcising Straubing; and Luther is seen running away in the shape of an unclean spirit, riding on a hog, with the Bible under his arm, a sausage in one hand, and a beer glass in the other; the pilgrimage church of Bogen, containing a hollow stone image of the Virgin, which is said to have floated up stream, and to have stopped at this place; Metten, founded by Charlemagne, in pursuance of the request of a hermit named Hatto, who rather astonished the monarch by hanging up his hatchet on a sunbeam.

Deggendorf, where we slept, is beautifully situated under the hills, at the junction of a little stream with the Danube; and, nearly opposite, the Isar also 'rolls in rapidly.' Our landlord conducted us to the top of a hill, where we had our first view of the mighty Alps, far away in the horizon to the south. It was a magnificent prospect, and

the light of the setting sun made the Danube, which was flowing at our feet, shine like a stream of molten silver. The only eminence on the right bank is a solitary hill, called the Natternberg; dropped there, tradition says, by the devil, who brought it from Italy, intending to throw it into the river, and so destroy Deggendorf, against whose inhabitants he had a grudge on account of their piety, but, hearing the monks chanting, a panic seized him, and he let it fall in the wrong place. We returned through the churchyard. In the church are a series of paintings representing the tradition of the theft and desecration of the holy wafers by the Jews, which led to their massacre in A.D. 1337. Our guide was very enthusiastic about the beauties of his native place; and told us that he had travelled all over Switzerland, and that, in his opinion, it was not to be compared, in beauty, to the country about Deggendorf; and he took to heart dreadfully the want of traffic on 'his beautiful Danube;' saying, how sad it was to see such a splendid stream flowing on, day after day, with scarcely a vessel on its bosom. If Austria was to join the Zollvercin, then we could send down wood in quantities,—there being scarcely any in that country. I am afraid that his know-

ledge of Austrian products was about on a par with his appreciation of Swiss scenery; for I think there is as much wood cut and standing on the banks of the Danube in Austria as in all Bavaria put together.

We left Deggendorf in a tolerably stiff shower; nevertheless the town turned out to a man to see us start; we got wet and dry again two or three times, till at last a thunderstorm came on, with rain such as I never before saw: it tore up the water, filled the boat, and nearly flattened us; in the midst of it I have reason to believe we passed the Castle of Hildegardsberg, according to Murray, one of the most picturesque on the Danube; and I beg, reader, that you will take his word for it, for we are quite unable to add the weight of our testimony. The Danube now enters the hills of the Böhmer Wald, and we stopped at Vilshofen, for lunch,—the bank not being particularly well adapted for a dining-table on that day. Smith turned into bed; and with two German feather-beds over him, a cup of coffee, and a cigar, made himself tolerably comfortable while his clothes were drying; Coxswain and his clothes, having had a mackintosh over them, required no cooking,—and as for Bow, he has an amiable weakness for

sitting in wet clothes, and so was quite in his element on this occasion.

We were now approaching one of the great bugbears of the Danube boatmen, the rocky passage between Vilshofen and Passau. At Vilshofen, the people at Straubing and Deggendorf told us, 'You possibly may arrive, but then you must go to ground.' These consolations waxed still louder at this place; they told us the boldest Danube boatmen took in pilots here, and one man actually tried to get into the boat; but we were obdurate, being determined never to have a pilot, knowing the utter ignorance of the people as to the construction and capabilities of such a boat as ours; indeed we never paid the slightest attention to any advice given us by the natives, and in many cases acted directly in opposition to it; for they generally thought that we could do what was utterly impossible, and could not do what was perfectly easy, and to this self-reliance we probably owe our safe arrival at Pesth.

So on we went alone, and found that it was just what we had expected, a most exceedingly dangerous place for a heavily laden boat, but by no means so for our little cockle-shell that only drew

a few inches of water; rocks were scattered about the bed of the river in every direction, some above water and some below; the white breakers surrounded us on every side; we came rather unpleasantly near one, but with steady pulling, careful steering, and quick obedience to the word of command, we came safely through. We had one more thunder storm, but just before we arrived at Passau the sky cleared up, and the sun shone out brightly, gilding the white towers of the cathedral which stood out in bold relief against the deep purple of the retiring thunder cloud.

The people of Passau were exceedingly surprised to find that we had driven safely down the dangerous avenue that leads to their town: and the next morning, the following paragraph edified the readers of the *Passauer Zeitung* :—'The three young Britons, Messrs. Manfilt, Comprest, and Tonsom,* yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, arrived here, after they had passed the whole day in storm, tempest, and rain, and afterwards, totally wet through, landed here. They celebrate, according to rigorous

* This is the German rendering of 'Smith, Bow, and Coxswain.'

English customs, to-day (the Sunday) in quiet and stillness*, and will to-morrow or the day after set forth their from London begun adventurous expedition to Constantinople. Form and architecture of their boat are worthy of particular remark, when one considers, that it is only built as an oar-yacht, and no sail can be spread out, although they must already have passed the Channel, and must hereafter traverse the Black Sea, when naturally they can only trust themselves to a coasting voyage!'

Of all the towns it was ever my lot to be in, Passau is by far the most dispiriting and dreary; there is a kind of ghastly smartness about the houses in the principal street, like the preserved body of a saint; while those in the back ones are almost as damp, seedy, and dissipated-looking as

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* Our neighbours on the continent cannot at all understand the reverence with which the Sabbath is regarded in England: may it be long ere that feeling fades away from amongst us. But I must enter my protest against the insinuation, that we abstained from continuing our quiet course down the majestic river, on that day, from any idea that such a proceeding would be in any way offensive to Him, to whom it is peculiarly consecrated; for I can conceive no temple, built with hands, where the mind could more naturally and sincerely rise to the contemplation of His greatness, than among such scenes as these, where the mightiness of His handiwork is so abundantly displayed.

those hanging over the out-of-the-way canals in the Queen of the Adriatic. The streets are as badly paved as they are forlorn. It is said that the women in this town are particularly beautiful, but really we had to pay such attention to our feet in walking about it, that we never had a moment's leisure to raise our eyes to their countenances, so we escaped with hearts unscathed by their allurements.

Soon after we had taken up our quarters in the hotel, our eyes were greeted with a glimpse of the first British tourist that we had come across since the commencement of our travels; there was no mistaking his nationality as he sauntered up to the door of the inn, with that happy air of indifference that is generally worn by our countrymen, and a guide-book bound in red under his arm; a porter carried in his luggage; and the landlord came out and bowed profoundly, when the Briton stared him steadily in the face for a few seconds, and then strolled off leisurely in another direction, and we saw him no more.

Although I have given Passau such a bad character, yet the country in the neighbourhood is as delightful as the town is unprepossessing, and no traveller should omit a short sojourn there.

The morning after our arrival, we started off to breakfast at a little inn called the Red House, situated on an eminence a little below the town, on the left bank of the Danube, and from which the finest view is to be obtained. The parlour where we had our meal was ornamented with a series of pictures, illustrating the life of the Prodigal Son, who was represented in the first in knee breeches, with a pipe in his mouth, and a glass of brandy and water by his side, and the rest of the series were continued in the same style.

On stepping out on the terrace in front of the house, we found a most enchanting scene before us: two rivers, the Inn and the Ilz, here fall into the Danube; Passau is situated on the promontory between the former and the Danube; while between that river and the latter rises a precipitous rock with the Oberhaus fort on its summit; the heights on the right bank of the Inn being crowned with the pilgrimage church of Maria Hilf. The town, with its white towers, and large public buildings rising one above the other, has a very imposing effect from this distance. The Inn, where it joins the Danube, is both broader and has had a longer course than that river, and it overcomes with its murky yellow colour the milky tint of its sister.

After their union, however, the main course of the stream follows that of the Danube, and not that of the Inn, so the former justly retains its name to the Black Sea. The Ilz is a beautifully clear mountain stream, but of the most inky blackness. We passed over the point where it joins the Danube in a boat; their waters do not mingle for a considerable distance, and as we looked over the gunnel, we could see that of the Danube far down in the depths below, rolling about in masses similar to yellow round clouds, in the clear dark stream of its little tributary, like rich cream just poured into strong tea. We walked up the hill on the opposite side of the Inn to the pilgrimage church of Maria Hilf, where there is a miraculous image of the Virgin with the Saviour at one breast, and a stream of water flowing from the other. The church was crowded with devotees, and the walls were hung with pictures presented by the simple-minded poor people, as offerings after deliverance from some danger or sickness. The execution of these tablets was always miserable, and the subject generally absurd, but the feelings which prompted their being placed there seemed to me to be more deserving of respect than ridicule. We descended by a flight of two hundred and

sixty-four steps, up which, streams of people were proceeding, stopping at each step to say an Ave or Paternoster.

We afterwards walked about two miles up the Ilz to the castle of Hals, situated on the topmost ridge of a narrow neck of land (see map), so nearly surrounded by the river that when on the top we could throw a stone into the stream on either side. Immediately above, there is just such another promontory, with the castle of Reschenstein on it; the hills at the side of the river are very steep and well-timbered, and the banks piled with stacks of cut wood, masses of which, indeed, covered a considerable portion of the lower part of the river, and were prevented by a barrier (withdrawn when required) from being carried into the Danube. Underneath the hill on which the Castle of Reschenstein stands there is a tunnel cut, which connects the upper part of the river with the lower, to save the wood the two miles unnecessary bumping it would get by rolling down the rocky bed of the stream round the promontory. Wishing to proceed by this route, we asked a native how we could pass the river? He told us that it was quite impossible, as it was a feast-day, and the boat locked up on the other side; so we quietly walked

through, while he looked on in speechless horror at our audacity.

The scene that met our eyes when we emerged from the tunnel was very curious. The valley was similar to the one we had left, but the whole course of the stream, as far as we could see, was entirely blocked up with logs waiting for the first flush of water to be sent sweeping through the tunnel on their downward voyage; while across ran a barrier of poles, moveable at pleasure, sufficiently near together to prevent the wood from passing through, but allowing the water free passage. Below these hatches there was an inclined plane of boards, ending in some rough stones which formed the edge of a deep pool. It looked a tempting place for a bathe, so in we went. Bow then clambered up the slanting boards, and squeezing himself between the poles started for a walk across the floating logs on the upper stream, but not finding that species of locomotion particularly pleasant, after a few plunges he returned, and, before we knew what he was about to do, he laid himself down on the slippery planks, and quietly rolled down, entirely forgetting the jagged rocks which were waiting to receive him at the bottom, and over which he was hurried; experi-

encing sensations I should think not unlike those that must have been felt of old by the poor wretches reclining on some of those ingenious instruments that we saw at Ratisbon. It would have torn most people to pieces, but he seemed rather pleased than otherwise, though his back presented the appearance of having been combed by a powerful harrow. Almost immediately after leaving Passau, the river takes a sudden sweep to the left, and enters a grand but somewhat gloomy gorge. The hills on each side now rose higher than any we had yet seen, and were clothed with pine forests from the top to the bottom. The castles of Krempenstein and Fichtenstein are the first objects worthy of notice, on the right bank; the former is also called 'Das Schneiderschlössel,' from a story of a tailor, who fell from it into the river. Not long after we passed a rock rising out of the stream, called the Joachimstein, which bears the arms of Austria on one side, and those of Bavaria on the other.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANUBE FROM ENGELHARDZELL TO LINZ. AUSTRIA.

The behaviour of others is but an echo of our own.

If we behave well towards them, they will also behave well towards us; but if we use them ill, we must not expect better from them.

OLLENDORFF'S *Italian Grammar.*

BEING somewhat inclined to be a radical myself, I was prepared to find the Austrians groaning under those miseries and oppressions that some stay-at-home people consider inseparable from what we call despotisms; but certainly we have come away from the country under the impression that, of all the nations in Europe that we have seen in this, or in any former travels, the German subjects of Franz Joseph are the happiest and most contented; so that if they are, as we are occasionally told, shamefully oppressed, they must be either a most undaunted set of Mark Tapleys, or else so grossly blind to their own unhappiness, that Mr.

Cobden should lose no time in sending out a special mission to have them couched, and so open their eyes to their wretched position. Of course, I except the Hungarians from this category; to them, being, as it were, a recently-conquered people, things are certainly not made quite so pleasant.

The papers now are daily filled with the accounts of the indignities committed upon travellers, about their passports, by the Austrian police. Of course we can only speak for ourselves, but most certainly from the first moment we entered the country till that of our departure, we never experienced the slightest hindrance or incivility of any kind; and I cannot help thinking that in many of the cases where such loud complaints are made, that the traveller has entered the country totally ignorant of the forms and rules which must be observed by everybody; in which case he cannot expect to be treated with much more mercy than is shown to the natives themselves. Just at the present time, certainly, Englishmen are looked upon with some suspicion; indeed we were narrowly watched by the police in plain clothes at Linz, Salzburg, Ischl, and Vienna, and our movements were from time to time telegraphed on to

that capital. No doubt that was owing to our novel method of travelling; but I think that before we left the country they were pretty well satisfied that our mission was not to assassinate the young emperor, or to overthrow his government. Beggars are hardly ever to be seen in Austria; indeed, I believe that in a five minutes walk between Oxford-street and the Strand, one would see, notwithstanding our free institutions, more apparent misery and wretchedness than met our eyes during the whole course of our expedition.

On the whole then, notwithstanding former prejudices, we were rather inclined to throw up our caps for Austria; though we are not prepared to endorse the Emperor Frederic III.'s unassuming motto—

A. E. I. O. U.

Alles Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Unterthan
Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo.

which may be expressed in English by

Austria's Empire Is Over (the) Universe

At Engelhardzell, the Austrian frontier police and custom station on the Danube, we were hailed, and rowing up to the office, we speedily had our small quantum of luggage examined, though they

took care also to take up the bottom boards of the boat, to see if we had anything under them contraband: our passports were viséd; Smith's had been specially indorsed by the Austrian ambassador in London, 'to travel on the Danube in his own boat.'

We soon found that we were in a new country; the houses are more scattered about, and we saw several detached gentlemen's villas. At the first inn we stopped at we got a handful of banknotes for a halfpenny, or rather halves of banknotes for a penny, in change for a gulden. The people in general appeared more lively, and the women prettier; while the bills and beds waxed decidedly longer. An improvement also was perceptible in the beer, but that was principally in the large towns; as in an out of the way country place, the Bavarian beer would be much better than in a similar location in Austria. Plum-trees (called Squetschen) and logs of wood garnish the banks of all the streams; and at every hotel you have veal cutlets brought to you for a certainty, unless you give orders to the contrary. In Murray's Guide-book the traveller is warned against veal; but I must say that, although one gets tired of seeing it so often, it is far superior to their beef or mutton,

and much to be preferred, in my opinion, to our veal in England. In the markets we observed all kinds of hideous toadstools on sale, doing duty as mushrooms; and we ate queer-looking things that they dignified by that name, which tasted well enough, though if we had seen them raw, I think we should have pronounced them to be unfit for Christian food.

But we must be moving on, and that quickly, for we have a pull of sixty miles before us; but the stream is like a mill-race, and no doubt that we shall be into Linz before dark.

Below Engelhardzell the castles of Rana Riedl, Marsbach, and Hayenbach or Kirschbaum, are passed one after the other on the left bank, the scenery continually increasing in grandeur; and on turning the sharp corner at Schlägen, where the river almost runs back in the contrary direction to that which it did immediately before, we found ourselves in the most imposing part of this splendid pass, the hills on each rising nearly one thousand feet from the water's edge; the water was boiling and seething, as if over a fire, which imparted a motion to our boat, somewhat like that which one feels when sitting in the back seat of a dog-cart, with the horse-galloping; which is a peculiar sensation,

I assure you, fair reader; and if you have a brother, and he has such a vehicle, make him take you a turn in that fashion, and you will understand how we felt as we swung round the rocky corners of the confined and tortuous defile. Suddenly the wind sprung up, and blew dead against us, and the waves rose so that it was impossible to continue our course; so we pulled in to the shore, and waited for half an hour till it abated, and we could start again. At the prettily situated village of Ober Muhl, it is said in Murray's Hand-book that the Danube is contracted to the width of seventy-six feet; this is, of course, a misprint; but even if seventy-six yards is meant, I think it is considerably under the mark, for I very much doubt if it is at all narrower than that part of the stream at Weltenburg, which we calculated to be about one hundred and twenty-five yards wide.* The huge castle of Neuhaus, quite upon the top of the hills, is the last building of any interest before Aschach; and here the valley begins to open out, and the stream to increase in width, but the scenery still continuing very beautiful.

At Aschach commences the first archipelago of

* See page 63.

island, through which again we were told that we could not pass without a pilot, owing to the shifting banks of sand and gravel; however, we stuck to our principle, and plunged into the labyrinth. The river just before the commencement of the islands was of a greater width than any part that we had yet seen; it could not have been much less than half a mile across. The banks were now flat, and far away in the horizon we could see the chain of Alps in the Salzkammergut; one of them appeared so lofty and steep, that we thought that it could not be a mountain, but a cloud of singular formation; it turned out, however, to be the majestic Traunstein.

The majority of travellers who pass among these islands in a steam boat, must, I have no doubt, find them exceedingly dull and tiresome; but with us it was far otherwise; the interest derived from steering our way through the intricate channels, where our only guide was the strength and direction of the current, the constant recurrence of shallows (when we prepared to jump out at the first sound of the grating of the boat's keel against the bottom), and above all the feeling of perfect independence and freedom in those extensive solitudes (where a human being scarcely ever

sets his foot, and where the silence was only broken by the dull roaring of a rapid, the booming of the bittern, or the rattle and rush of the wings of the wild geese, as our little boat came suddenly round some corner, and disturbed them in their usually unmolested haunts), rendered our navigation of this and similar portions of the Danube by no means the least interesting part of our expedition.

> Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
> Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
> Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
> And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
> For man's neglect I love thee more.—CAMPBELL.

And the scenery among these islands, though sameish, is by no means devoid of a peculiar beauty; indeed, on this day, just as we were emerging from them, we never beheld a fairer scene than they presented, each little eyot, with its fringe of willows, seeming doubled by the reflection in the glassy stream, and the setting sun behind tinging the whole landscape with its fiery glow.

We now entered another grand defile, the hills on each side descending almost vertically to the water's edge, and were soon made aware of our neighbourhood to Linz by the round towers of the fortifications* (distant about two miles from the

* These fortifications were planned by and executed at the expense of Prince Maximilian d'Este: there are thirty-two forts

town) connected by loop-holed walls, which descend the steep bank on both sides to the water's edge. We had a fine race with the 'Eilwagen' for the last three or four miles into Linz, and beat it fairly, arriving there just at dusk, having rowed the sixty miles from Passau in somewhat less than six hours (exclusive of stoppages). We got into a dreadful mess in endeavouring to put our boat up at the quay; but after nearly getting her carried under the paddle-wheels of a steamer, and leaving Coxswain hanging by himself from the anchor thereof in rather critical circumstances (during which time the crew of that vessel stood staring at us as if entranced, without once offering the slightest assistance), we tied her up safely at last, and started off for the Erzherzog Carl.

Mr. Bauer, the landlord of this establishment, is a most polite, agreeable, and accommodating little man, and speaks English perfectly; though perhaps he may charge a trifle extra for these accomplishments in his account.

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connected by a covered way, and surrounding the town, from which the nearest tower is one, and the farthest three miles distant. Twenty-three stand on the right, and nine on the left bank of the Danube. They are thirty feet high, but partly sunk in the ground, and one hundred and eight feet in diameter: their interior is arranged like a man-of-war.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SALZKAMMERGUT.

Aus Juvaviens Bergen, ström ich das Erzstift zu salzen
Lenke dem Bayern zu, wo es an Salze gebricht.

SCHILLER'S *Flüsse-Salzach.*

LEAVING our boat under the care of Mr. Bauer, we determined to start off for a tour in the Salzkammergut. There is a tramroad from Budweis in Bohemia, which crosses the Danube by the wooden bridge at Linz, and is continued to Gemünden, on the Traun lake. On Tuesday the 17th of August, we took our places and started off by this line: the difference between the open first class carriages and those of the second consists in the fact that the one are yellow and the other green. We were driven tandem-fashion, and the pace is not tremendous, for we could get down, trot alongside, and get up again at any time, without the slightest difficulty.

As the journey from this place to Lambach by this rather slow apology for a railway occupies about seven hours, I will take the opportunity of introducing to my readers some of our travelling companions whom we fell in with on our road. We found ourselves a party of seven in one carriage, of whom two were English, one Scotchman, a Pole, a Norwegian, an American, and a Frenchman; but, although in Germany, there was no representative of Fatherland. The Pole was not a tempting morsel; he had evidently not been to bed the night before, or if he had, certainly with his clothes on, and I am by no means certain that he had not a touch of his national Plica. He got out at one station to get something to eat, and returned to the carriage with a lighted cigar in one hand and a hot sausage in the other.

The Norwegian was an intelligent young man, with a cast in his eye and a dagger in his trousers pocket, which he called a 'Tollo,' or something of that sort, and which word he said no one but a Norwegian could pronounce; he spoke English perfectly, but not a word of French or German. The American was a very agreeable gentleman-like man; he was an opulent landed proprietor in the Southern States, and we had the pleasure of

his society for several days. He knew not a word of any language but English, so when he wished to communicate with an individual of any other nation he used to speak English with what he considered to be a foreign accent. While we were stopping at a station, a neat-looking servant came and spoke to him; we made some remark on the man's appearance, when, to our no small astonishment he remarked: 'He's a slave of mine, that fellow; I raised him myself in Kentucky; but I heartily wish he'd run away; he costs me some four dollars a day, and he ain't a bit of use. I took him to England for a couple of months, to give him a chance; but, confound him, he wouldn't go.' And we certainly thought that he was about right, for he had an easy berth of it, and a kind and indulgent master; but who can say what the next may be, poor fellow! He appeared to be perfectly white, and without any visible signs of his Negro origin. But the Frenchman was the most wonderful man: he was, he said, an engineer and architect by profession, and now had an establishment at Berlin for making marble mosaic on a new principle invented by himself. He was a short, bald-headed little man, with a broad-brimmed hat; and was as staid and quiet in his

manner, as modest and unassuming in his conversation, as Frenchmen usually are. He had (according to his own account) been engaged in the battle of Waterloo, had served in Spain under Sir de Lacy Evans, had formed part of Louis Napoleon's expedition to Boulogne, and had lived four years in America, in which time he had built Gerard's Hospital and the Bank of Philadelphia; he was at the present moment conveying a mosaic pillar as a present from the king of Prussia to some other potentate, and intended shortly to visit England, to endeavour to sell a carriage which he had invented, in which a man could drive on water as well and as fast as on land. He had not been in France for a long time (I fancy all the successive governments have declined the pleasure of his society), and spoke French but indifferently. German and English he understood, and could speak a little, but when excited, as he was when haranguing us, in what he meant to be English, it was the most amusing mixture of all three languages. He was actuated by the most rabid hatred of *perfide Albion*. At first, I fancy, he thought we were all Yankees, as we were talking about America, and were so highly delighted at hearing him abuse England and the English; but I am afraid we betrayed ourselves at last by attempting

to draw him out too much. I will just give a specimen of his discourse, as near as I possibly can, but the words are nothing, the running accompaniment of sighs, shrugs, winks, shiverings, and manual action, which were the most piquant part of the entertainment, I must, alas! leave to the reader's imagination. We were talking (or rather he was declaiming) about Louis Napoleon.

(*Frenchman loquitur*).—'Yes, I bin[1] in England for two mont gewesen,[1] and I have also in Ireland viled,[2] and so I can tell what de leute[3] tink; dey are all for Louis Napoleon, and so is de Wells, and de many Scots, and de Russ, and de Pruss, and ven de temps is come, he say 'Here!' and England is to him. Oui, c'est la verité, je vous assure sur ma parole d'honneur. De Englis armée is all Iris, oui, tous, tous; dat is, les soldats is; les officiers sont Englis, dass ist so; but vat are dey; dey shine out very bootiful, yes; deir rocks[4] is gold; yes, deir bottes is polis; yes, but ven dey fight, denn dey run. Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! Now the officiers Français are vari different.'

(*Smith, with difficulty squeezing in a word.*)—'Oh, yes! I've always heard that the French officers are devilish ugly, and——'

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[1] Have been. [2] Stayed. [3] People. [4] Coats.

(*Frenchman cuts in again*)—'Oui, dass ist ja. And Vaterloo! how can de Englis talk of vidout blush, it vaunders me. Dat vos sixty to vaun, and ven Blucher vas not da, vere vould Vellington have been? Ho! o—o—o—o—o! And England, how dey must be sorry dass dey have Louis Napoleon so infâme handelt.'

(*Here we began to be rather curious.*)

'Yes, it is notorious dass Louis Napoleon vas to Boulogne by de Englis government sent, dey lent him de gold, and den ven he was misfortuned, den dey know nothing davon.[5] But now he has dem like money in his pocket, &c. &c. &c.'

But we have arrived at Lambach; and as we wished to see the falls of the Traun, which are not far from this place, and the train did not stop there, we took a special engine of one horse power to ourselves, which would drop us at the Falls, wait for us, and take us on to Gemünden.

Near Lambach is the very singular church of Baura, dedicated to the Trinity, and built in the shape of a triangle, with three fronts, three doors, three windows, three altars decorated with marble of three colours, three organs and three sacristies. It cost 333,333 gulden.

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[5] About it.

A descent from the railway, of about a mile, brought us to the Falls; they are forty-two feet in height, and about as many yards in breadth; a considerable body of water pours over the rock. They reminded us much of the Falls of the Clyde, but the surrounding scenery here is finer, though the cataract is not so high as the Scottish one. The wonderful transparent emerald green colour of the wateris most striking; indeed, in the beauty of tint of its stream and foam it may vie with any waterfall in Europe.

To enable the salt-barges to pass this very serious obstruction to the navigation, a canal has been built, partly cut in the rock, and partly made of wood and supported on props, which is conducted on a slope to the stream below; it is about four hundred and twenty yards long, and the barges sweep down it at a terrific pace.

Having regained our locomotive, we rattled down an inclined plane into Gemünden, where we arrived just as it was getting dark. The railway descends to the shore of the lake, just in front of the 'Golden Ship,' but there was a long train of salt-wagons coming up, so we had to get out at the station and walk to that hotel. We found the whole town arrayed in green, flags flying, triumphal

arches, &c.; the young emperor Franz Joseph had passed through that morning to Ischl, and it was in his honour that all these preparations had been made.

We embarked early the next morning on board the little steamer that runs on the lake of Gemünden (or Traunsee). The lower part is very pretty indeed; the cheerful-looking little town, with its brightly-painted doors and windows reflected in the glassy mirror of the lake, and the undulating hills covered with woods, with villas peeping out here and there, afford a most enchanting prospect. But these quiet beauties were soon superseded by grander objects, as we approached the upper part of the lake, and the magnificent Traunstein came fully into view, rising up almost perpendicularly from the water. We found ourselves now surrounded on every side by precipitous mountains, and it puzzled us to imagine how the pine trees that were scattered about their sides could find sufficient space to cling to with their roots. Just before arriving at Ebensee, we passed over a boom which extends across the upper end of the Traunsee, to prevent the logs of wood which are brought down by the Traun river from passing further down the lake. At Ebensee

we took a carriage for Ischl, the road lying along the banks of the green rushing Traun, and up a magnificent glen. The tops of the mountains on each side were bare, black, and serrated, with occasional patches of snow; while the lower parts were thickly covered with the forest, with here and there the white line of a cascade glittering among the trees. As we were driving on, we observed in several places a long range of wooden pipes, carried along the sides of the mountains; these were for conveying the brine from the mines, which are twenty-four miles distant, to the salt pans at Ebensee; and also other troughs of wood, carried down the hills, by which logs are shot into the Traun.

We only stopped in Ischl to lunch, as we intended to go on to St. Wolfgang to sleep. I should conceive that Ischl must be rather a dear place—at least they charged us a gulden for half-a-dozen rotten pears. The town was very full indeed, owing to the emperor's presence there. Kings, queens, princes, and archdukes were as thick as peers in Pall Mall. It appeared to be *de rigueur* here with the gentlemen to wear steeple-crowned beaver hats, covered half way up with green silk, and with blackcock's feathers stuck in them. You

would never guess that that fat old fellow with a red face and a seedy white shooting jacket is the Prince of Mangel Wurzel, the richest subject in the Austrian dominions. And here comes a well-appointed mail phaeton, with an officer in full uniform driving,—that is one of the sons of our kind entertainer at Donaustauf. There goes a four-in-hand, and here comes a Bath chair with an invalid, and now an archduchess on a donkey. It seemed to be an amusing place, and it certainly is charmingly situated; but we had eight miles before us, and a mountain to ascend; so, as we intended to come back by Ischl, we determined not to leave our cards on the emperor till our return, and off we started.

Our road lay up the banks of a river which runs out of the St. Wolfgang lake, and joins the Traun at Ischl. The scenery was similar to the glen leading from Ebensee to that place. About two miles before Ebensee, we turned up the mountain side to see the Schwarzensee (a little lake embosomed in the pine forest), and the 'Wirers Strub;' this is a fine cascade of very considerable height, but with little water, owing to the lake above being kept dammed up till a sufficient quantity of cut wood is collected, and the water has risen

several feet; the hatches are then drawn up, and the logs are carried with irresistible violence by the flood over the cascade into the river far below. This, we were told, is a very grand sight, and we determined to witness it before we left the district. The pass through which this stream rushes is one of the grandest conceivable; it is exceedingly narrow, and the distant purple peaks of the lofty Alps are seen as if set in a picture frame, between the pine-fringed precipices on each side, which are many hundred feet in height. The descent runs along the face of the rock, in which steps have been cut for the convenience of travellers.

We got into St. Wolfang in time for dinner, and found a gentleman who had just returned from the ascent of the Schafberg; he pictured it to us as being an almost superhuman effort, and strongly advised our not attemping it; we asked him if it was possible to go up without a guide, and he seemed quite aghast at the idea. However, as we never asked anybody questions of this sort for the sake of advice, but merely to see what kind of an answer we should get, we took the liberty of starting the next morning to ascend the mountain without a conductor; it is about six thousand feet high, and a tolerably good road

(which, if a person took great pains he might mistake) leads to the summit; indeed, those people whose feet are tenderer than their consciences, do not hesitate to ride all the way up on the backs of mules or human beings. There is a house at the top, where, if you wish to see the sun rise, you can sleep, and procure coffee, wine, &c.; a stranger's book is kept there, into which we looked; there were hardly any English names, but we discovered that Germans, French, and Italians can write quite as abominable nonsense, and draw just as absurd cartoons, as the most industrious of our own countrymen in that line of literature and art.

The view from the top is superb; unfortunately, the weather being exceedingly hot, the haze prevented our seeing for any considerable distance over the great plain which stretches away to the banks of the Danube; but in the direction of the mountains, all was perfectly clear, and our eyes wandered over peak beyond peak, till they rested on the jagged cones of the Dachstein, gloomily emerging from its shining fields of snow and ice. Far down, at our feet, lay the lake of St. Wolfgang, with its little boats creeping along its surface like flies on a mirror; and all was so

hushed and still, that we could almost fancy that we heard the splash of the paddles.*

We descended at a great pace, and after luncheon, engaged a boat to take us to St. Gilgen (St. Giles), at the other end of the lake; we told the men particularly, that, as we intended to bathe by the way, we would not have a lady for one of the crew, which is generally the arrangement on these lakes; but when our equipage came round, we found that the stroke paddle was wielded by a fair Tyrolese. On our remonstrating at this arrangement, both she and the gentleman who assisted her said that it was of no consequence, and that such objections on our part were quite childish; however, we declined starting till a substitute was procured, and the damsel seemed quite disappointed as she made way for him. We had a glorious bathe in the deep clear water of the lake, the bottom of which could be discerned at a very great depth. This, as well as all the other lakes in this district, abound with the

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* I remember once being on the top of Ben More, in Mull whence, by the bye, the view is far finer than from the Schafberg), on a lovely and perfectly calm day, when we could distinctly hear the grating of the oars in the rowlocks of the boats in Loch na Keal, which lay beneath us.

most delicious trout, and anybody is allowed to fish with the rod and line to his heart's content. Smith did not carry away a very pleasant reminiscence of them, however, for the rib of one stuck across his gullet, and remained there for a couple of days, rendering his life a burden to him for that time, and giving him a very fair idea of the sufferings endured by the finny tribe, when ruthlessly dragged from their native element. His pangs were aggravated by a malicious waiter, who assured him that if he was to eat some raw sour crout, he would be speedily relieved from his annoying companion. In a weak moment Smith listened to his blandishments. Did you ever taste cooked sour crout, reader? That is not particularly choice feeding; but raw! the thought and taste of it haunted the wretched victim for many days; and he would have been thankful even for a slice of the cheese of Limburg, to take the taste out of his mouth.

When our crew had brought us about half-way to St. Gilgen, they mutinied, declaring that the wind was so high that it was impossible to proceed; so we mulcted them of a portion of the fare, and walked on by the road, which they assured us was excellent, and the scenery beautiful; just as

the waiter at one of the gigantic hotels on the continent consoles you, as he leads you up to a den on the fifth story, by saying that there is 'solch' eine schöne Aussicht.'*

When we arrived at the little town, we began to make inquiries about hiring a carriage to take us to Salzburg, where we intended to sleep that night; but we might as well have attempted to hire a balloon, the 'old empress' and the queen of Prussia having engaged every horse; so we were obliged to sleep there. The next morning we found that there were two or three more kings and queens on the road, so such small fry as we were must go to the wall. Having, however, had enough of St. Gilgen, we got a charitable postilion to bring on our baggage, and started off on foot for Salzburg (twenty miles). We had hardly gone half a mile, before it began to rain in a steady, soaking stream, which continued almost incessantly for four days and nights. However, we stumped steadily on. I have no doubt the scenery through which we passed was very beautiful; if the reader will refer to Murray he will doubtless find out all about it; I can only inform him that

* Such a beautiful view.

we found the square yard of mud before our feet to consist of a solution of pounded limestone, more sticky than interesting. When we were about half way, we were suddenly roused by shouts (proceeding from a passing carriage) of 'Hallo, Bow,' 'By Jove, there's Bob Smith!' On looking up we saw—could it be possible—yes—no—yes, by all that's happy, it is Stroke, our old Stroke of last year, gentle reader. (I hope you have not forgotten his exertions on the Neckar.) We thought that he was at the top of Vesuvius, or in the cave of Capri, or anywhere in the world but in the Salzkammergut; but there he was, having come up to Munich to join another good friend of ours, who had recently married, and was on his wedding tour with his beautiful bride, and they were all travelling on together to Vienna.

When Bow, Stroke, and Smith parted last year in the aisle of the glorious cathedral at Cologne, they little thought that the next time 'they three would meet,' would be under circumstances affording such an undeniable illustration of the last of the three trite alternatives. It certainly was not exactly a convenient opportunity for indulging in social intercourse; so, after a short parley, we, poor 'demn'd moist unpleasant bodies,'

trudged on to Salzburg, while the more fortunate Stroke, in a comfortable carriage, with H—— and his charming little wife, rattled on, indifferent to the rain or the weather, on his route to Vienna.

At Salzburg we remained three days, eating our heads off—with our noses for the greater part of the time flattened against the panes of the window in the 'Saal' of the Golden Ship; our greatest excitement being an occasional sight of the 'old empress' (whose palace was hard by), who regularly turned out at three for a constitutional drive in an old barouche, and the continual arrival and rejection of British travellers (the hotel being crammed full), fifteen lots of whom were turned from the door in one day.

Our fame had preceded us here; and whenever there was a new arrival, the landlord used to point out, as the chief attractions of his hotel, 'the three Englishmen.'

Another countryman of ours had been here a short time before us, who had also left a very distinguished reputation behind him. It appears, that he went up a mountain in the neighbourhood, near the top of which was a hut; being caught in the rain, he entered it; not finding any fuel there, and it being exceedingly cold, he asked the proprietor if he

would sell it, and for how much; the man said he might have it for 300 gulden (about 24*l.*), so the Briton paid down the money, set fire to the house and warmed himself to his satisfaction.

It left off raining once, for half an hour, and we rushed out to the Mönchsberg, and had the consolation of seeing the lower hundred feet of the splendid chain of mountains that come nearly up to the walls of this magnificently situated town. It is said to have the most picturesque site of any city in Europe; and as far as we could judge, from the view of it which we had at Burford's Panorama, in Leicester Square (whither we went, and paid our shillings immediately on our return to England), we thought the praise not exaggerated; so our sojourn at Salzburg was not remunerative —for certainly, for all purposes of enjoyment of scenery, we might just as well have been looking out of the solitary window of Smith's chamber in Graveyard Court, Temple, the view from which, gentle reader, as you well know, is neither extensive nor beautiful.

As it does not much signify what kind of weather it is when one goes underground, we thought that this would be an admirable opportunity to investigate the salt mines of Hallein, which

are about eight miles from Salzburg, in a spur of the 'Höhe Göll,' called the Durrenberg. So we started 'diligently,' for that place and proceeded with the celerity for which German coaches are so remarkable; the horses walking when we were not actually going down hill, and the drag being put on when not actually going up. We got there at last, however, and walked, for three-quarters of an hour, up the hill, among waterfalls and chalets, to the house of the head-miner, where we put on, over our own dress, the regular miner's costume; (which is exactly the same for gentlemen and ladies, and many of the latter visit this mine,) with a leather apron behind to sit upon, and a cap to protect the head from blows against the roof; then, with candles in our hands, like Jane Shore, and in Indian file, we entered an aperture in the mountain's side, something of the shape of a coffin set on its end.

But before I describe our proceedings in the interior of the mountain, it may, perhaps, be as well to say a few words about these salt mines in general. The limestone mountains of this district abound in deposits of salt, and the mines in the neighbourhood are very numerous. It is not, in general, found in rock, but dispersed in veins of crumbling clay or gypsum; galleries are cut

Souvenirs of the Salt-Mines
— at Hallein —

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through the solid rock as far as these soft beds; a small chamber is then excavated, into which fresh water is conducted by pipes till it is filled; the water gradually eats away all the sides of the chamber, dissolving the salt, and disintegrating the clay, which falls to the bottom. The void thus created is continually filled up with water until it is saturated with brine; this is accomplished in three weeks in the mine at Hallein, but it requires a much longer time in others. In that mine there are eight of these galleries, and about thirty chambers; the galleries are connected by eight shafts. The brine is carried off by other pipes to the salt-pans—sometimes thirty, and in one case as much as sixty, miles distant. The brine is placed in large flat pans, and evaporated over a hot fire. About a hundred pounds of brine produce twenty-six pounds of salt.

This mine belongs to Austria, but it penetrates into the Bavarian territory; by a treaty, arranged in 1829, the Austrian government undertakes to supply Bavaria with a certain quantity of salt from the mine every year, at the labour-price, and to employ a certain number of Bavarians on the works. Ninety-nine Bavarians and 199 Austrians can claim as a right to be employed. St. Rupert,

Bishop of Salzburg, is supposed to have first opened this mine in A.D. 580, and he is now considered as its patron saint.

On each side of the gallery that we entered were pipes for the supply of fresh water, and for carrying off the brine; the bottom is boarded for the carts to run on; for some distance it runs through the solid limestone, and then enters the marl, in which the salt is seen, now in glittering crystals, now in pink veins, and now mixed with the clay. After about nine hundred yards from the entrance we arrived at the second shaft; these shafts are about three hundred and fifty feet deep, and slant down at about an angle of forty degrees; the descent is made by two poles, like balusters, placed obliquely side by side, about one foot and a half apart. In order to descend we placed our legs over these balusters, and holding a rope in one hand and the candle in the other, down we shot one after the other into the depths below, we could quicken or retard our speed by leaning forwards or backwards; it is perfectly safe, and numbers of ladies descend in this way every year (the descent occupies about a minute); but you must be careful not to remove your legs from the place where the guide directs you to place them, or per-

chance you may find yourself on your head at the bottom, with a sprained or broken leg, if not something worse, as indeed happened on this very day to a friend of ours in this shaft. After going along several of these galleries and descending three of these shafts, we suddenly found ourselves on the borders of a subterranean lake, about two hundred and twenty feet square; it was lighted up all round with lamps which seemed doubled by the reflection of the water, and the effect was very striking; this was one of the above-mentioned chambers, which is kept half empty in order to give visitors an idea of the way the salt is obtained: here we found a boat waiting for us, and were ferried across. After this we were shown a place where the rock salt is blasted; it is not very valuable, and is used principally for cattle; then an apartment with busts of the Emperor Franz (who had visited the mine), Franz Joseph, and the patron saint, St. Rupert; and a museum where specimens of the different kinds of salt are kept; and old tools, &c., supposed to have been used by the Romans in times gone by. Presently we were informed that our carriage was ready to take us out of the mine, and we found a kind of wooden horse on wheels, capable of accommodating about six per-

sons, with a boy in the shafts, and another pushing behind. The temperature of the mine had been up to this time very pleasant, but it now began to be rather cool. Before we had gone far, our attention was directed to a bright glimmering star in the distance, which turned out to be the daylight at the entrance of the gallery, and gradually got larger and larger, till we shot out like 'ridiculous mice' into the open air and a warm shower. We found that we were at the bottom of the hill just over the town, and our hats and sticks were waiting for us at a miner's cottage. The whole expedition took about two or three hours; it was very interesting, and exceedingly amusing.

We had about half an hour to spare before the return diligence started, so we strolled down to the bridge over the Salza, to look at the stream, which was exceedingly swollen; we found that some stacks of wood had been carried away higher up the river, and that logs were continually coming down with the rapid torrent; numbers of people were on the bridge, armed with long spears, which they stuck into the logs, and then hauled them up; it was by no means an easy job, and many of the clumsy hands lost their spears altogether;

sometimes a man would get his into a log that was too heavy for him to lift, when several would come to his assistance, and about a dozen spikes would be thrust into the weighty billet, and then it would be hauled up; often, just as the successful spearer had got his hand on his piece of wood, it would break off, and fall back again into the stream.

On our return to Salzburg we found the weather as bad as ever, so, with great reluctance, we determined to give up our tour in this beautiful district, and return at once to our boat. You may congratulate yourself, gentle reader, that such was the case, for otherwise we should have dragged you over I know not how many lakes, through numberless glens, up to the glaciers of the Dachstein, and, finally, swept you down to Lambach like lightning, past the falls of the Traun, in a salt-barge. Had we only done so, Coxswain would have transferred our adventures on the snowy peaks of that mountain to canvas, and he would have set up in opposition to Albert Smith, in Exeter Hall; indeed, as it is, I am not sure if he were to paint a few hundred miles of Danube for a revolving picture, and, with boat-hook in hand, relate our feats and perils with his accustomed

eloquence, Smith to grind the handle, and Bow to take the money at the door, that it might not turn out a far better investment than attending quarter sessions.

So we left the Salzkammergut 'paved with our good intentions,' and took a carriage for Lambach; we slept that night at Vöcklabruck. It is superfluous to mention that the weather cleared up immediately after we had left Salzburg, and we saw no more rain for a month.

When we got up the next morning we found a Jahrmarkt going on, with its usual assemblage of quaint costumes. During a stroll through the lively scene, we continually heard a noise as if of blows on some hard resounding substance, proceeding from various quarters; and deeming the matter worthy of investigation, we strolled up to one of the booths from whence these hearty whacks appeared to come, and found that a vendor of long-napped beaver hats was belabouring his articles, by way of advertisement I suppose, or perhaps on the same principle (the rhyme or reason of which, I confess, I could never understand) that guns are loaded to the muzzle, covered with sand, and discharged—i. e., to prove that they had been once able to stand rough usage.

On our road we gave a lift to a pedestrian, who was also pursuing his course to Lambach; he was a young man, and apparently a devout Catholic, as at every one of the numerous crucifixes that were planted at the side of the road, he crossed himself, and took off his hat; though (certainly without reason) he appeared to be somewhat ashamed of exhibiting his devotion before us, lest we should laugh at him; for on each occasion when crossing himself, he feigned to be engaged in scratching his chest or his nose, and whenever he removed his hat, he passed his hand through his hair, in a nonchalant manner, as if it was for that purpose that he had uncovered himself.

We just got to Lambach in time to catch the train, and rumbled back to Linz, where we took our old quarters at the Erzherzog Karl.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DANUBE BETWEEN LINZ AND VIENNA.

Be ruled by me and go back; go back, go back and be wise.
BUNYAN'S *Prilgrim's Progress.*

AS we were stepping into our boat at Linz to resume our downward journey, on Wednesday, the 25th of August, our landlord came up, and entreated us to take him with us for a short distance; accordingly we placed him squatting in the bows, with strict injunctions to sit still. Another archipelago of islands commences immediately below Linz, and continues nearly to Grein. After we had proceeded a few miles, our passenger requested us to put him down at a house which he pointed out, the approach to which lay between two islands. On looking in that direction, we at once perceived that there was not sufficient water for our boat; but on Bauer's absolutely assuring us that barges continually went by that channel, we re-

luctantly yielded; the result was as we had anticipated—in a few moments the boat's keel began to grind against the bottom, when we instantly sprung out; the stream was so very strong that we were nearly carried off our legs, just as a person who jumps out of a carriage going at full speed has some difficulty in avoiding a fall. On looking towards our little man in the bows, we saw him, with clenched teeth and pallid cheeks, sitting upright, and clinging, like grim Death, with one hand to each gunwale. We could not resist laughing (which rather reassured him), especially when he said, 'Oh, this is intercsting, very interesting; yes, I may say this is very interesting, indeed!' Poor victim! how he must have cursed the hour in which he trusted himself in the clutches of the rabid islanders; but it was certainly entirely his own fault that he got into this mess. It was nothing very serious, however, for we soon led the boat (which, relieved of our weight, floated easily) into deep water again, and jumping in, proceeded to the house in question. This we found to be a little inn situated at the junction of the Traun with the Danube, where the best Traun crawfish (celebrated all over Austria) are to be had. Mr. B. persuaded us to land and taste them; and I

am afraid to say how many dozen of these delicious little animals we devoured: I think they must have some inebriating powers, for, after our repast, our little passenger said that he should much like to go on to Grein with us; so having sent a messenger to Linz to inform Mrs. B. that her lord and master would not be home that night, we started again. Poor deluded man! he little knew what was coming. We pulled on for a short distance quietly enough, when we passed a barge, one of the men on which, knowing Bauer, hailed him with these encouraging words: 'Farewell, farewell, Mr. Bauer, we shall never see you again alive!' Presently we heard a dull roaring sound, which gave us to understand that something unpleasant was going on; it got ominously louder, and we soon discerned a line of white breakers, stretching quite across from one side to the other of the channel in which we were. There was no time for a council of war, as we were in the middle of the stream, which was rapidly hurrying us onward, so we pulled straight in for the bank as hard as we could, and reached it about fifty yards above the reef; and very formidable it looked, the foaming waves rising about four feet high, with a considerable fall on the other side. While we were

considering what was now to be done, we saw a loaded barge coming down the stream. 'Now,' we said, 'we have only to watch where she goes, and we can follow, inasmuch as for every inch of water we draw, she draws three;' so we marked her progress with considerable interest. She came steadily on, being steered for a part of the rapid which lay nearly in the centre of the stream, and where the waves were considerably less than in any other place, and passed safely through. 'That's our line of country!' we shouted, and immediately proceeded to get the boat ready for a fresh start, when we were interrupted by a plaintive voice saying: 'You will excuse my accompanying you, gentlemen, but I have a wife and family, and I can't swim; I think I will find a passage home by land.' There was no answering this pathetic appeal, so we determined to see Mr. Bauer on his way home, and then start by ourselves; but lo! when we came to investigate matters, we found that we were on a small island, with another rapid on the other side. As it was impossible to leave the wretched man there, as he might have been starved long before any human being would have approached such a spot, we were left to the choice of three alternatives—viz., either to pull back again

the way we had come; to carry the boat across the island to the other channel, or farther down the side we were now on, beyond the rapid. We soon came to the conclusion that the first should be avoided by all means, if either of the other two were at all practicable; for it would have taken us all the rest of the day to pull back against the stream which had swept us down here in less than an hour. So Bow volunteered to go out as dove, and investigate the stream on the other side, and stripping off his clothes he plunged into the torrent at the upper end of the island; he was carried under three or four times, and twice nearly snagged, but he ultimately rolled out unhurt on a bank some way below; he came back, however, without an olive branch, and the information that all progress in that quarter was hopeless, so we hauled the boat down as near to the breakers as we could, and then, after carrying, punting, and dragging her alternately, through swamp, rushes, and willows, we finally launched her again below, in comparatively calm water. But Mr. Bauer was still in difficulties; the idea of getting his feet wet was most depressing to him; and as he looked at the course that it was necessary for him to take to regain the boat, his countenance was so piteous

The Rapids below Linz

that Bow took him on his back and trotted off with him through the reeds, and deposited him in safety once more on *terra firma*. We then started again. For several miles the water was exceedingly agitated, the current was deep and rapid, but it heaved and fell, twirled round, ran this way and that, in such an eccentric manner, that it rendered Coxswain's duty by no means an easy or agreeable task. I must do Mr. B. the justice to say that he behaved with the most undaunted pluck; for after telling us that, after what he had seen of us, he didn't care if the Falls of Niagara were close at hand, he quickly laid down and went to sleep as calmly, or, perhaps, more so than if his head been laid on the pillow by the side of Mrs. B. I really believe there is not another German, from the sources of the Danube to the frontier of Hungary, who would have done the same for all the beer and tobacco in Europe.

According to Murray, we ought to have passed, about this time, the castle of Spielberg, with a dangerous rapid near it called Saurüssel, but we saw neither the one nor the other; we did, however, see the castle of Nieder Wallsee (inhabited, I believe, by a countess of that ilk), situated on a commanding eminence, where the Danube takes a

sudden turn; there was a great commotion in the river just here, but we left it to our right, and passed on. We soon after emerged from among the islands, and entered a magnificent defile, after pulling through which for about half an hour, we reached Grein.

Here we found a steamer just starting for Linz, of which Mr. Bauer took advantage for his return home, after, as he told us, the most exciting day he had ever spent in his life. He was very anxious to buy the boat, and said he would write to Vienna about it to us; and so he did, to the effect that, owing to the wonderful stories that were current in Linz about our voyage to Grein, Mrs. Bauer had put her solemn veto on any such transaction. Grein, together with the castle called Greinberg, situated on an eminence above, belongs jointly to the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Prince Albert; it is beautifully situated, just where the river takes a sudden bend, and commands a splendid view both up and down stream.

A thunderbolt could not have created more excitement than our arrival did in this town; they had heard vague reports, and read extraordinary lies in the newspapers for some time previous, about the marvellous expedition of the three

Englishmen, who, without guide or pilot, had rowed across the channel, &c. &c., and now that we had really arrived, they flocked to the hotel to gaze and be satisfied. Our progress hitherto had been rather an amusing ovation, but at this place our honours became somewhat a bore. The singing club turned out and commenced a concert, with a song in compliment to us, which, I believe, was a German translation of 'I'm afloat;' they sung very well, and if this had been all, we should not have been so much to be pitied; but we were hemmed into a corner, bothered with questions, pestered with advice, and implored to go no farther on account of the 'Strudel and Wirbel.' These names, as terrible to the ear of a dweller on the Danube as Scylla and Charybdis to the sailors of old, designate a rapid and a whirlpool which occur in the river a few miles below Grein. The Strudel, they admitted, was not so dangerous now as it used to be, and we possibly might get over that; but the Wirbel (the whirlpool), oh! if we had any regard for our lives, we should go in the steamer or a barge, or carry our boat round, or do any thing rather than venture within its terrific vortex; there was a funnel thirty feet across, which went straight down to nowhere, and logs of wood

thrown in,* if they appear again at all, must be looked for somewhere about the Black Sea.

One of these people, a Polish doctor named Mobinski, considered us peculiarly his prey. He was a very short wiry-haired man, who could not keep his tongue or his body quiet for a single moment; his attentions to us on the evening of our arrival were alarming, and we dreaded some further acts of civility the next morning; and not without reason, for he made his appearance in our bed-rooms before we were up, for the purpose, he said, of presenting us with a copy of a puff that he had written about some wretched watering place in the neighbourhood—

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,"

and of which he told us he had already presented one to Prince Albert. He then asked us if we were going to breakfast in our bed-rooms; we said no, but quickly changed our mind, at his answer—'Oh, that is beautiful; then we can look at you.'

* This reminds me of an anecdote I once heard in Scotland. A nervous Englishman was once crossing Connal ferry on Loch Etive, near Oban, where the tide rushes out with great violence, and observed to the ferryman: 'Surely many people must be lost here?' when the consolatory answer was—'No, no! we always find em doon aboot Dunstaffnage,' (a castle a few miles distant).

He appeared to be as minutely acquainted with the different localities in London as the most thoroughbred cockney ever born within the sound of Bow bells; yet he had never been there, but intended to go shortly. We endeavoured to throw a little cold water on this enterprise, by saying that London was a very dreary town to foreigners, unless they had friends there, or could speak the language; but he was not so easily discouraged; for, he told us, he had only to call on Prince Albert, and everything then would be arranged for him by his highness. After breakfast he pounced upon us (like our old friend the professor at Bamberg, but providentially he had no museum) and led us off in triumph through the town, and up the hill to the Schloss, the interior of which we had to stump over. The rooms were very similar to most whitewashed and unfurnished apartments in our country, so I will spare the reader a description, only remarking that there were some very fine stags' heads stuck up on the wall of a gallery that ran round the court yard.

Before describing our passage over the Strudel and Wirbel, I will just give a slight description of the position and appearance of those fluvial humbugs.

Immediately below Grein, there is an apology for a rapid, called the Greiner Schwall, which we were told was a foretaste of the Wirbel. The scenery then increases in grandeur, and about a mile and a half below Grein, the rocky island of Wörth, with a castle, on the top of which is a stone cross twelve feet in height,* divides the stream into two branches; the one on the right is called the Hessgang;—it is too shallow for large vessels, and was originally formed by a farmer, who cut a ditch to irrigate his meadow, which was scoured out to its present size by the violence of the current;—that on the left, the Strudel. Two rocks rise from the water in this channel, when it is low, making three passages; that to the right is called (*par excellence*) '*the* Strudel;' the centre one, 'the Wildriss," and the one to the left, "the Wildwasser.' When we passed, we saw nothing of all these divisions, as the water was high. Before the time of Maria Theresa, this place perhaps was dangerous, but during her reign, and continually

* It is said that a Tyrolese nobleman, going down the Danube with his wife, in 1540, was wrecked here; he got on to the island, but his wife was carried down, and rescued some distance below. The husband, thinking his wife lost, set up here as a hermit; but after twelve years his wife found him out, and they erected this cross in commemoration of their escape.

since, up to 1845, the bed of the stream has been so altered by blasting, that I should not in the least mind now going through it in an outrigger. After passing the Strudel, the tall tower of the castle of Werfenstein is seen on the left, with the village of Struden close to it; another rock now again divides the stream,—this is called the Hausstein—with the ruins of an old castle, called Burg Werfel, and a tower, called the Devil's Tower, about fifty feet in height, said to be haunted by the black monk; the stream on the right of this rock is called the 'Lüg Canal;' it is about thirty feet across. The water rushes through, with a considerable inclination, at a tremendous pace; on the left of the Hausstein rushes the stream that forms the Wirbel, which is in fact nothing more than the backwater between these two torrents; there was a considerable rushing of water backwards and forwards, and several eddies, but we saw no symptoms of funnels, or anything at all like a whirlpool. The Strudel is supposed to be most dangerous when the river is low, and the Wirbel when it is high.

To return to our proceedings. Just as we were starting, the chattering Pole came and implored

leave to go with us down the stream for a short distance: in a weak moment we consented, imploring him only to sit quiet, and hold his tongue. We might as well have asked him to jump overboard; he writhed about like an eel, and nearly sunk the boat with his eternal jaw. We did not pay the least attention, however, to his advice, his fears, or his information, but pulled steadily on, by the Hessgang, and landed on the island, Wörth, to look at the Strudel, and saw nothing more dangerous than what we had passed some half-dozen times every day. We then dropped down about three hundred yards further, and landed just above the Wirbel, to inspect it. As we were sitting on the rock, between which and the Hausstein the Lüg Canal runs, we saw a barge coming down; this sight roused the uneasy Pole (he had been quiet for a few seconds) to a state of the wildest frenzy; he rushed about the rocks, squealing like a wounded hare, clapping us on the shoulder, pointing out the boat (just as if it was utterly impossible to see it without his assistance), and shouting 'Ach! Gott! sieh! boum! boum! boum! boum!' finishing up, as the vessel glided quietly down, quite undisturbed by the Wirbel, with a prolonged 'S-o-o—o-o-o—o-o-o.' We had now

made up our minds to shoot down by the Lüg Canal; the Pole declined to come with us, but got a Danube ferryman to take him through in one of the boats used for that purpose; so off we started. Our torment, however, made his conductor stop just at the entrance of the passage, the consequence was that we were carried up against him by the stream, just in the most awkward part of the rush, by which collision, Bow's oar was knocked out of the rowlock, and we were nearly upset. We came through, however, safely, and continued our course without stopping again to take up our chattering companion. We were rather surprised a day or two after this, to see the following paragraph in a newspaper (communicated, of course, by the modest and truthful Pole). 'The three young English gentlemen, Messrs. M——, C——, and T——, who, &c., were piloted through that dangerous part of the Danube below Grein, by the Imperial Royal Apostolic District-Physician, Herr Doctor the Chevalier * Joseph of Mobinski, who is quite at home in the Strudel and Wirbel, and is, besides, a distinguished swimmer: and that was the manner in which they passed safely over the

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* *Germanice*, Ritter.

raging waves, and successfully reached again still water.' An equally veracious paragraph also appeared in another paper, concerning our passage of these places, here it is: 'The pilot who guided the Englishmen over the Strudel and Wirbel wished to race with them from Grein in a Danube skiff, and for that purpose hired the skilful boatman, Joseph Ludwig; but the Danube boat could make nothing of it, while the English boat shot forth like an arrow.'

After this little excitement we continued our course through the defile for some miles, till at length the hills on the right bank began to recede, and we could see the Styrian Alps in the distance to the south. On the left we passed a chateau, close to the water side, which was a favourite retreat of the late Emperor Francis; it was a charming spot. It is called Bösenbeug, from a 'dangerous bend' which the river is supposed to make here: below this, on the right side of the river, was another rapid, with the ruins of an abbey near, called Saüsenstein (Roaring rock). The pilgrimage church of Maria Taferl, on the top of the hill, above Marbach, is, owing to the windings of the river, visible for a long time before it is reached. 'It derives its name from a miracle-working image

of the Virgin, which was attached to an old oak. beneath whose branches the peasantry used to feast once a year at a stone table. When the tree was decaying, a peasant is said to have attempted to cut it down, but the first blow of the axe struck his own foot. Looking up, he saw the image, and repenting of his sacrilege, was immediately cured.' In the month of September, multitudes of pilgrims swarm in from all parts of Germany, sometimes as many as 130,000.

Passing the ruins of Weideneck, and a modern imperial chateau, we came in sight of a stately and magnificent palace, situated on a rock about two hundred feet in height, on the right bank of the river; this turned out to be the Benedictine Monastery of Mölk, by far the finest building on the banks of the Danube, and I should think equal if not superior in beauty of architecture and position to any other ecclesiastical foundation in Europe. And it is not only externally splendid and commanding, but it is also handsomely arranged within. We were shown over suites of rooms occupied by the abbot, and any archbishops or bishops who might happen to come on a visit: they were like such apartments in most palaces, except that perhaps the pictures were rather above

the average palatial standard. There were numerous other rooms neatly and comfortably furnished for the use of more humble visitors. The refectory was arranged exactly like the hall of a college at our universities, with a high table on a dais at the upper end, for the dons, and a long table down the middle for the rest: it was laid out for dinner when we went in, and a very comfortable kind of spread it seemed to be. The church, though rather too much overlaid with marble and gilding for English taste, is a truly magnificent building, and the treasury attached to it contains many objects of great value. The splendid library, containing more than 20,000 books and 1500 manuscripts, is arranged in an apartment of exceeding beauty. We were conducted over it by a very gentlemanlike and agreeable brother, who walked with us for some time in the cloister garden, and afterwards conducted us to the top of one of the church towers, which commands a magnificent view of the mighty river, with numerous castles and villas on its banks, the little town immediately below us, and the snowy range of the Styrian Alps raising their peaks against the southern horizon. The Hungarian Archbishop of Erlau is at present obliged to reside here; he was

compromised in the late Hungarian revolution. The high road from Linz to Vienna skirts the river at this point.

In the evening, after dusk, we amused ourselves by going down to the river bank, taking a seat near our boat, which was, as usual, surrounded by a crowd of gaping wonderers, and, unseen ourselves, listening to their remarks. One gentleman, who appeared to think that he knew all about it, regaled his audience with some rich stories about our passage of the Channel, and our future route by the Black Sea, &c.; while others handled the boat, which they pronounced to be made of copper, the oars, which they took for masts, and the canvas cover which they thought also did duty as a sail.

We left Mölk the next day; crowds of people, among whom were several of the brethren of the cloister, assembling to see us start, and pursued our onward course. The mountains now again hemmed in the river on either side, and we passed on our right the castles of Schönbühel and Aggstein, and then, on the left, a curious natural dyke of stone, about six feet high, called 'the Devil's Wall,' running from the top of the hill into the river, and the castle of Spitz. These

last-mentioned three castles, Aggstein in particular, equal, if they do not exceed, any of the castles of the Rhine in point of individual beauty as well as commanding position. When we arrived at the castle of Dürrenstein, on the left bank of the river, we deemed it our duty to land and examine it more closely, as it is here, as the reader, doubtless, is well aware, that Richard Coeur-de-Lion is supposed to have been confined in 1192, by Leopold, and to have been rescued by means of Blondel's minstrelsy. Its name, which signifies barren rock, is a very appropriate one, for a more bare, inhospitable looking spot it has seldom been my lot to see. It is situated on a rugged spur of the mountain, about three hundred feet in height, and there are walls running down from it on both sides, to the river. There is an excavation in the rock which is supposed to have been the actual dungeon of the brave king. If it were not for the associations connected with it, it would hardly repay one for the trouble of climbing up the steep hill side, as it has a fine appearance from the river, but certainly does not improve on closer inspection.

The village below is surrounded by ruined fortifications, and in the church is preserved a list of a

small body of the townspeople, who, in 1741, are said to have repulsed a large force of French and Bavarians, by means of water-pipes cut and painted to look like cannon, which they planted on the walls, by which means and the vigorous beating of a drum, they managed to make the enemy believe that the place was strongly garrisoned.

The river below this emerges from among the hills, and we soon arrived at Stein, situated on the left bank. The steamer having shortly before passed us, conveyed the information to the inhabitants, that the lions would soon be among them; accordingly, on our arrival, we found the natives mustered in considerable force on the bank, the British colours being hoisted on a flag-staff in our honour. The landlord of the hotel where we put up was so agitated at the honour we were about to confer upon him, by condescending to take up our quarters at his establishment, that he could barely articulate.

Stein is a town of about 4000 inhabitants, and consists of one long street running along the river bank; between it and Krems (which is about a mile further down the river), stands a solitary building, once a monastery, now a military hos-

pital, called Und; which has given rise to the rather mild joke, that 'Krems, Und (and) Stein, are three places.'

Krems is a town of about 5000 inhabitants, and famous for the manufacture of mustard and gunpowder. Perhaps it was in order to impress this more deeply on our mind that the landlord, on our asking at dinner for a supply of the former article, charged us for three portions of it in our bill. At this dinner, also, we partook of a bird, which tasted like a pheasant, but was not so large, though bigger than a partridge; we inquired what it was, and were told that it was a "Hasel huhn." Never having heard this name before, we asked if they could favour us with a sight of another; they said it was a very rare bird, and that they had not one; but they brought us some of the feathers of that which we had devoured: we could not, however, recognise in them the costume of any game bird of our islands.

The next day we started off in a carriage, and crossed the bridge, in order to see the Benedictine monastery of Gottweih, another of these splendid palatial edifices, inferior only to Mölk, situated on a lofty eminence seven hundred feet high, about four miles inland from the right bank of the river.

It is a large square building, with a tower at each corner. The road up to it is exceedingly steep. It has a splendid staircase and library, and the internal arrangements are similar to those of Mölk, so need not be again described. One of the rooms into which we went was decorated with excellent paintings of different game-birds, on panels. We thought our new acquaintance, the Hasel huhn, might, perhaps, be there delineated, so we inquired of our conductor; he pointed out two, a cock and a hen; their plumage resembled that of a partridge, but was somewhat gayer, and the cock wore feathered leggings, so they probably are of the grouse species. There was also a very comfortable-looking billiard-room for the 'ghostly gentlemen,' which seemed by no means likely to decay for want of use.

As we were passing over the bridge on our way back to Stein, we heard the solemn strains of the chanting of a band of pilgrims who were returning down the river in a line of barges; it was a picturesque sight, and the sound of the distant melodies floating over the water was very impressive, but the illusion was sadly dispelled, on closer acquaintance, when certainly neither did the pil-

grims look particularly interesting, nor did their hymns sound very harmonious.

Immediately below Krems another archipelago commences; we started early, as we wished to get into Vienna in good time. It was a magnificent day, and as we had not time to stop to bathe, we tried the experiment of jumping out of the boat, and letting her float down while we swam alongside, or hung on behind; in this manner we lost no time, and before we were dressed and ready to pull again, we were some five or six miles below the point we had started from. Beavers are said to have their dwellings among these islands; but we looked in vain for any traces of them. We had an annoying wind directly against us for some time which raised uncomfortable waves, and delayed us considerably.

On emerging from among the islands we passed on our right the Castle of Greifenstein, so called from the supposed mark of a griffin's claw imprinted in the rock near the keep-door; and further on the large Augustine monastery of Kloster Neuburg. The ducal bonnet of the regents of Austria, with which the emperor is crowned on his accession, is kept here, and on the summit of one of

the towers is a gigantic facsimile of it, made of copper.

Passing under the Kahlenberg (a favourite resort of the Viennese on Sundays), we entered the branch of the Danube that runs through Vienna, (which is not more than forty yards across, and is generally called the Danube Canal,) and were soon summoned to bring-to by the officials at the custom-house and police-station at Nussdorf, about four miles from the centre of the town.

CHAPTER XIII.

VIENNA.

Ich muss dich nun vor allen Dingen
In lustige Gesellschaft bringen,
Damit Du siehst wie leicht sich's leben lässt
Dem Volke hier wird jeder Tag ein Fest.

GÖTHE'S *Faust.*

WE were not delayed very long at the custom-house, and our passports having been *viséd* —we paid two-pence duty for our flag, and rattled down to Vienna at a great rate for the remaining three miles. An individual who was very polite to us during our short halt at Nussdorf, volunteered to go up in a boat to show us the police-station in the town, at which it was necessary for us also to present ourselves; but we arrived there before him. We afterwards had reason to believe that he was an emissary of the police, as

we saw him from time to time hanging about in the neighbourhood of our hotel, and dogging us in the streets. When we arrived at the Schanzel, hard by the chain bridge, we committed our boat to the care of a friendly bargee who had witnessed our start from Ratisbon and Linz, and drove to the Kaiserin von Œsterreich, a quiet and comfortable hotel in the Weihburg Gasse, not far from St. Stephen's.

Vienna is indeed a delightful town; it is handsomely built, but is more remarkable for its general liveliness, cheerful appearance and cleanliness, than for any very striking buildings that it possesses; indeed, St. Stephen's, with its magnificent spire, is almost the only edifice that of itself rivets the attention of the stranger. Every one, of course, knows that the *city* is the fashionable part of Vienna, where the palaces, public offices, best shops and hotels, are situated, and that it is separated from the suburbs by a dry moat and a broad glacis. It takes its name from a dirty little stream called the Wien, about twelve feet wide, and which is generally nearly dry in summer.

There is a cheeriness and hearty goodhumour about the inhabitants that make it quite a pleasure

to stroll through the streets or sit in the public gardens of an evening and see the crowds of merry people who swarm to them to eat ices, dance, or listen to Strauss's band. Music and dancing, indeed, appear to be meat and drink to the Viennese, and uncommonly nourishing food too.

The streets are narrow, and without any foot-pavement, but they are so clean that one might dine off them, and so slippery, that it is wonderful how the horses manage to get round the sharp corners at all: a London horse would be as badly off as on our wood pavement after a frost.

I think Vienna is the only place out of the British dominions where, in driving, carriages keep the same sides of the road in passing each other that we in England are accustomed to; and I believe that this is only a very recent alteration; I know not for what reason the change was made, as the old continental fashion is still the rule in the rest of Austria.

The numerous signs attached to the shops have a very gay and pleasing effect; they are by no means wretched daubs, being often paintings of considerable merit, but the subjects of some of them seem strangely out of place (to use a mild expression) to the English eye. We observed a

tobacconist's shop to the sign of the Black Mother of God ;* several apothecaries to that of the Holy Ghost, and one beer-shop to that of the Trinity !

There is this special advantage about Vienna, that with the exception of its splendid picture-gallery, and the noble cathedral of St. Stephen's, there are no lions that it is absolutely necessary to go and see. For seeing sights by wholesale is the most dreary of occupations; and I am convinced that the greater number of people who start for a month's trip, with the laudable intention of seeing as much as they can in that period by spinning from town to town by rail as hard as they can go, are, for at least one half of their time, supremely miserable.

See ! here comes a *laquais de place,* leading along in triumph a band of our countrymen; they are in his hands for the day, hopeless and helpless. Can it be ?—yes, it is Sir Arthur O'Limpus and the Lady Cecilia, with Jemima and little Plantagenet. You know their place (gentle reader), with its little ivy-covered lodge, the rookery, and the old red-

* This alludes to the black image in the wandering chapel of Loretto. The individual who kept this establishment rejoiced in the name of Patent Slander.

brick house pointed with white stone. When I dined at the manor-house some months ago, her ladyship hinted to me that some conspiracy of this sort was on foot; but I did think that the worthy baronet was too wide awake to be so entrapped. But he is in for it, and will go through with it like a man. Look at him, as he walks along with his hat well down on his head, his teeth clenched, and his coat tight-buttoned: there is no surrender about him; he will go up to the top of that tall tower, and down into the crypt, over three other churches, a museum, a picture-gallery, and two palaces, and will see the same again, with slight variations, every day for the next three weeks; but he knows that it is for the last time in his life, and armed with this consolation he marches calmly on. Clinging to his arm, but about half a step behind him, trots poor Lady C. She is diligently studying Murray, totally forgetting to look at the gorgeous carving over the old Gothic portal of the cathedral which she is about to enter. And Jemima, she is, however, not utterly miserable; she has her brief moments of triumph; having taken six lessons in German before starting, she turns round now and then, and proudly translates some remark of the consequential commissionaire;

'He says we are to go to the right;' 'This is the place from which we must look at the Madonna,' &c. &c. But Plantagenet, what has he done that he should be torn from his cricket and his pony to stump, loaded with guide-books and shawls, over the pavement of a series of towns glowing with the heat of a German sun? He is utterly miserable, and his only consolation is the thought of the adventures with which he will astonish his companions on his return to Rugby, and which he invents as he tosses sleeplessly about at night, half smothered under an enormous feather-bed.

But we wont follow them through all their peregrinations, till they come back in the evening, worn out and dispirited, to their enormous hotel, drag themselves up three pair of stairs to a bedroom without a carpet, at last obtain what the waiter dignifies by the name of tea, and then tumble into bed with a vague idea that Rubens built the splendid old cathedral on the other side of the Platz, and that the ladies that Canova painted must have rather stronger constitutions than the degenerate females of the present age. But it will be some satisfaction to them at any rate, when they give the first grand dinner-party on their return, to astonish those of their friends

who have not yet gone through the same penance. 'Only think, we have been only three weeks away, and we have been to Paris, and Strasburg, and Baden, and Heidelberg, and Frankfort, and Homburg, and Wiesbaden, and down the Rhine to Cologne, to Aix, and Liège, and Malines, and Antwerp, and Ghent, and Bruges, and Brussels.'

* * * * *

The morning after our arrival, we went to breakfast at the Wasser Glacis, where there is a sort of garden with a pump-room annexed, and an excellent band of music. As we were turning over the newspapers, we found that we were, as usual, the heroes of the day; for in nine different papers there were paragraphs about us, almost every word of which was false. I will just give a literal translation of some of these rather amusing inventions; the reader will of course see what is correct, and what is not.

'At last, they are come; namely, the three so much talked of young Englishmen, Messrs. M——, C——, and T——, who have undertaken the *voyage from London to Constantinople* in a boat of mahogany (a thin but strong West Indian wood); it is set in motion by two of the adven-

turous travellers, and guided by the third by means of a miniature rudder. The boat of which these undaunted sons of Albion avail themselves for their perilous journey is, at the most, twenty-five feet long, and something over three feet broad. *It weighs not more than seventy-four pounds, and can therefore easily be carried by a single man.* The entire adventurous voyage *is undertaken for a bet of* £3000, which is to this effect; that the young gentlemen travel from *London to Constantinople, across the Channel in their own boat.* Up to this moment, they have kept their wager to the letter, and have on that account, during their voyage across the Channel—where their nutshell would have been decidedly rather unsafe—*certainly remained in their little boat,* but have comfortably placed this on board a common large sailing-vessel, and so crossed the Channel *with a double keel under them. They bought their boat in London last year for* £15, *sent it to Cologne, and therewith made the voyage of the Moselle, the Lahn, and the Neckar.* It is much to be wished that our people would study the build of this English vessel, for our boats are in real circumstances of childhood.

'These celebrated travellers made their entry into the Danube Canal yesterday at half-past three,

when they hoisted up the English flag*—the world-known Union Jack—and having cast anchor at the Schanzel, there made fast their boat; but it is not now to be distinguished by any flag, it is covered over with canvass, and only the crowds of curious people who swarm around point out the presence of this wonderful thing.

'The landing-place there is indeed at this moment unusually crowded; but it is not the proud three-masted ships which bring us the riches and choice productions of distant lands that attract the general attention; but, in a far higher degree, the unusually elegant and slim-built boat which these bold Englishmen have made use of for their voyage. They will proceed on their course *to Constantinople to-morrow, or the day after, at the same time as the steamer, which took them on board at the passage of the Strudel and Wirbel, and other dangerous places.*'

This was getting rather too strong; so we wrote a letter to the *Vienna Illustrated News,* explaining that we had not pulled across the Channel, but

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* It had never been down; we afterwards learnt that this was the first time that the Union Jack had ever been seen in Vienna on an English vessel.

started from Kitzingen; nor had we undertaken our trip for lucre, but for pleasure—and that we never had the most remote intention of going farther than Pesth. Coxswain also sent them an exceedingly clever sketch of our boat, &c., as when we arrived at Vienna, for the use of the paper; and it appeared in the next number, but ruthlessly rasèed into a most uncomfortable kind of dingy, with its crew sitting on the gunnel, with their legs on the seats.

But it is not required to do anything very heroic in order to be held up for admiration in the Viennese papers; for the censorship of the press is so strict, that nothing that has the slightest political tendency, unless proceeding from government authority, is allowed to be inserted in them; so that they are sometimes driven to great shifts to fill up their pages. Thus, if they wrote a dozen lines about us one day, on the next might be seen a paragraph of double the length, containing some such entertaining story as the following, which I copied from one of the papers, and of which I will give the briefest abstract; it was written in the most dry matter-of-fact style.

'Yesterday, a young gentleman was walking in the Jägerzeil, when he was overtaken by heavy rain;

he sought refuge under a portico; suddenly remembering that a friend of his lived in the house, he borrowed an umbrella of him, and sallied out again; but he found that he could not open it, so he had to go back to get his friend to do it for him.'

Another day I read a long yarn about a fight between a porter and a crossing-sweeper; the great joke in which was that the latter broke his pipe, &c.

Of the many different notices of our proceedings that appeared in various languages, the only accurate one that we saw was one sent by the foreign correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* to that paper, which did contain a true matter-of-fact account of our start from Vienna.

It being Sunday, we went to our ambassador's chapel; and as this was the first opportunity, since we left England, that we had had of attending divine service according to our ritual, we looked forward with some pleasure to hearing again the old familiar sound of our beautiful liturgy: but we derived but little satisfaction from it, owing to the manner in which the service was performed. The gentleman who officiated seemed to be so sleepy that he could with difficulty get the words out of his mouth; and then suddenly—as if remembering that time was valuable—he

would hurry rapidly through a few sentences, and then once more relapse into his former cadence. In fact, we never sat out a service with less edification, and derived far more satisfaction from an eloquent sermon that we afterwards heard in the Cathedral, and of which we understood about one word in ten, than from the discourse in our own tongue that we had endeavoured to listen to in the morning.

The beautiful steeple of St. Stephen's commands a very extensive view; but as it can only be seen through narrow and inconvenient apertures, it loses much of the effect that it would have, could the eye range over a larger expanse at a time. In a chamber in the tower is the Fire Watch, and there is a telescope fixed in each window, on a graduated scale, so contrived that the exact spot where a fire breaks out can be ascertained with the most exact precision, and information is immediately sent to the fire offices. The roof is of red tile, with an enormous Imperial eagle made of black tiles, which stretches out its wings almost from end to end of the edifice. While up in the spire a gust of wind whirled off Bow's hat, which disappeared among the sloping roofs and buttresses, and never was seen again. Indeed, this day was

rather an unfortunate one for our headpieces; for as Coxswain, who sported a brown wide awake, was quietly walking up the Kärnthner Strasse, he was stopped by a police agent in plain clothes, and informed that these hats were considered revolutionary, and strictly prohibited in Austria, and that he must immediately return to his hotel, and change it. He was not altogether unprepared for this; as a French hair-dresser had told him that morning that it was 'defended' to wear such hats in Austria.

We made several excursions into the environs: to the Leopoldsberg, and Kahlenberg, which command a splendid panoramic view of Vienna, and the islands of the Danube; with the Styrian Alps, far away in the south; and to the east, over the plain of Marchfeld, to the range of the Carpathians which forms the boundary between Austria and Hungary. The Leopoldsberg forms the last of the chain called the Wiener Wald, which unites with the Alps. We also went to Baden, a watering place, in a pretty valley, crowded with the gay citizens on holidays, with bands of music playing in every direction; to the palace at Laxenburg, where there are extensive and well-laid out pleasure grounds; in a lake in which is an absurd modern imitation of an old castle, with a miniature dungeon, and a dummy

prisoner, whose chains were connected with the door, and rattled when it was opened. In the garden at this place there are lists, where tournaments are sometimes held.

Schönbrunn, the emperor's usual residence, is a handsome and imposing edifice, in the beautiful and extensive gardens attached to which he may often be seen strolling about with a cigar in his mouth, among his happy subjects. It is very striking to an Englishman to see the familiar way in which Austrians walk about and through the dwelling of their monarch.* In England, our gracious Queen has had but little encouragement to throw open her palaces and private gardens to the people, even if it was consistent with the customs of our country. But though the emperor mixes in this way with his subjects, yet, on the other hand, he always dines alone, or with only his nearest relations; no subject, however high his rank, being deemed worthy to sit down at his table: while even you or I, kind reader, might find ourselves one of these days with our legs under the mahogany at Wind-

* When we were at the palace of the Laxenburg, there was a wagon of hay drawn up under the principal entrance to avoid a shower of rain.

sor, without detracting from the divinity that hedges round our beloved monarch.

Hansom cabs have lately been introduced into Vienna; we had a delightful drive in one all about the Prater, which is in some respects much superior to Hyde Park, being nearly four miles in length, and broad in proportion; so that even at the fullest time of the season, one can plunge into solitude, far away from the gay crowd, where the deer are grazing, and the pheasant and partridge start from under your feet. There are six principal drives, which all meet at one point, at the end of the Jägerzeil: and though perhaps the show of carriages may be inferior to that of London, no other country in Europe has such a magnificent public park within the immediate vicinity of its capital. When we were there it was deserted, the season being ended; but the standards for fireworks, the circus, the theatres, and the cafés, withmountai ns of piled-up chairs and benches, showed how enormous must be the population that avail themselves of its attractions.

We were rather unfortunate in a visit that we paid to the Opera, since on that night there was no play, but only a dreary ballet, which lasted, I believe, for about five hours; we did not wait to

see it out, however, but very soon left, and went to Ungar's Casino, where there was to be a grand ball, on the occasion of some church jubilee. This turned out to be a better investment, as it was a most lively and amusing scene. There was a large garden, numerous little tables scattered about, at each of which sat a party of citizens, eating supper, or drinking coffee, beer, &c. In a handsome ball room, opening into the garden, Strauss' band was playing, and after each dance the room was emptied, and the dancers returned to their family circle in the open air. Coxswain, being as expert with his fantastic toes as he is skilful with his fingers, thought that a waltz with a little black-eyed Viennese, who was sitting with her papa not very far off, would be not an unpleasant arrangement, and I fancy that the little black eyes were somewhat of the same opinion. But a glimpse into the ball-room, when the next waltz was going on, dissuaded him from carrying his idea into execution. The instant the band struck up the room was filled, and with great difficulty the masters of the ceremonies made a path round the room, in the centre and at the outside of which the spectators were crammed; those who intended to dance, lining the path, the gentlemen on one side and

the ladies on the other. At a given signal each gentleman made a dart at his partner, and rushed off with her round the room: it was evidently the great object to do as much dancing as was possible in two minutes, which was about the time that elapsed before they were stopped by the masters of the ceremonies locking up the path and holding out their arms, so that in a few seconds all the late dancers were heaped up into a confused mass together, like the carriages of an express train that has just run into an embankment; then another lot were started, and so on.

Amongst the most remarkable things in Vienna to an Englishman, are the numerous and varied costumes that are continually passing in the streets. Let us take our stand under this archway, and watch them for a few minutes. There are two ladies just gone into a shop opposite; they are in what we should call low evening dresses, with bare arms, polkas of the thinnest cambric, and wide flat bonnets; their parasols have elaborate handles, and a fringed circle of silk at the top, about the diameter of a saucer, and are calculated when unfurled to give shade to one eye at a time. A gentleman bows to them as they come out, and takes off his hat after he is well past them; he

Young Vienna

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has a large white hat, small shooting coat, and painfully tight trowsers, which, with a short cane, form the costume of young Vienna. Now come a pair of Austrian officers in their white uniforms and cavalry swords clanking along the pavement; or some Hungarian grenadiers in their tight blue pantaloons. Our eyes are next attracted by two romantic looking monks, in chocolate coloured robes and hood, white ropes for girdles, and bare feet incased in patriarchal looking sandals. What a beard one of them has! chocolate coloured too, and down to his waist; he is evidently proud of it, and spends half an hour every morning over its cultivation. Now comes a true believer in a Fez cap, or a turban, with green satin terminations, and a dressing-gown lined with fur; and close on his heels a wild shaggy-looking Hungarian peasant, with his loose white shirt, and vast white trousers terminating in a foot of fringe; his embroidered Bunda on his arm, and a brown felt wide awake on his head some three feet in diameter. But whom have we here? Surely we know that peculiar head-piece; those long locks of grisly curls on each side of the hooked beak; and that beard! Oh, it's Shylock! There is a street full of Shylocks here, and Jessicas too, if one could only see

them. But who can those three individuals be? They are evidently not at home in this gay capital; they are staring at us as if they thought us good subjects for electro-biology. Number one is a sturdy looking young fellow, with a broad-brimmed white hat, overshadowing a jolly bulldog looking face, and trousers into which he has perhaps stepped a little too far; he looks good for something, but there is a twinkle about the corner of his little grey eyes that makes me think it would be inexpedient to pull his tail. Well, I can't find much fault with number two's looks either; but the back spring of his Gibus hat is broken, and he does not altogether stand at ease in those shirt collars of his. But number three,—what an apparition; we can see nothing of his face but hair, the glowing end of a cigar, and a pair of eyes, the whites of which are red. From head to foot, he is clothed in dirty brown, and seems as if he had been just dragged out of a muddy ditch, and then partially rubbed over with chalk to obliterate the stains; round his head, and neck, and wrists, down his legs, and across his stomach, run those mysterious stripes. But the people are crowding round us. What is that that I hear?

'Siehst Du, Fritz, die drei Engländer.'

'Wo, Wo?'

'Hier dicht bei dir, die drei berühmten Reisenden.'

'So—o—o—o—o—o—o—o—o.'*

Gracious goodness, we have been staring into a mirror!

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* 'Look here, Fritz, the three Englishmen.

'Where, where?'

'Here, close by you; the three celebrated travellers.'

'No; you don't say so!'

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DANUBE BETWEEN VIENNA AND PESTH. HUNGARY.

Adieu the woods and water's side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain!
Adieu the grotto wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain!
For pallid autumn once again
Hath swelled each torrent of the hill,
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still.

CAMPBELL.

AT ten o'clock A.M., on Tuesday the 31st of August, we left the Kaiserin von Œsterreich, and drove down to our boat, which, as we had read in the papers, had been moved to the other side of the Danube canal, to a point not far above the Ferdinand's bridge. The newspapers, which, as usual, got on the wrong scent about the time of our departure, had fixed upon some other day for that event, so we hoped to get off quietly; but the landlord of our hotel had diligently spread

the news amongst his friends, and when we got down we found a very considerable assemblage of people. We were delayed some time in starting, and the crowd increased till the banks on both sides, and the bridges above and below, were covered with spectators. Some of them thinking that they could obtain a better view from the roof of a barge* which was anchored there, clambered on to the top; but before they had been there long, it fell in with a crash; fortunately, no one was much damaged, but after some minutes had elapsed, and while we were looking at the confused heap of planks that formed the remains of the bargee's house, the boards began to move, and the owner of the vessel slowly emerged from beneath, in an overpowering rage, with a very sore head, and amid roars of laughter from the assembled multitude, when, behold, again the rafters were seen to move at the other end of the vessel, and his partner writhed out, trying to look as if it wasn't him; but he was perceived, and greeted in a like manner.

A kind Viennese friend of ours had consented

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* The Danube barges have often wooden houses built on them, in which the sailors and their families live.

to give us the pleasure of his society for a short distance, and was accordingly accommodated with a seat in the bows, and so we shot through the bridge amid the cheers of the concourse of spectators; and not the least encouraging amongst the parting salutations were the waving of the handkerchief and bright glances of the eyes of our fair countrywoman who had once before thrown a gleam over our path, on the occasion of our dismal walk from St. Gilgen to Salzburg. We had not gone very far down the Canal before an incident occurred which very near put an end altogether to our expedition; it happened as follows. We were gliding quietly down the stream, when Coxswain suddenly ejaculated: 'There's a rope across the water which we can't pass under.' On looking round, we saw a rope, one end of which was fastened to a barge and the other to the shore, and which alternately sank to the surface of the water, and sprang up about three feet above it. Seeing that there was not a moment to be lost, Smith shipped his oar, rushed to the bow end of the boat, thrust our astonished friend down on his back, and kneeling on his chest, bent over the bows, caught the rope in his hands, and threw it over his head; Bow followed his example, and then Coxswain; but he

did not throw it quite high enough, for it caught him on the head, and sent him spinning into the stern; no damage was done, however, and having landed our passenger at the end of the Prater, we presently emerged into one of the principal branches of the river, which is here again divided by a multitude of islands.

On the left bank of the Danube, as far as the frontier, extend sa vast plain, called the Marchfeld, one of the great European battle fields; the scene of the victory of Rudolph of Hapsburg over Ottocar, and the battles of Aspern and Wagram, &c.

We also passed the island of Lobau, which is of considerable size; where Napoleon, after his defeat at Aspern, remained encamped for several weeks; then on our right, Deutsch Altenburg, with a curious old Gothic church and a very ancient circular chapel, on an adjoining eminence; and soon after, Hainburg, the principal imperial tobacco manufactory, with its huge warehouses. We next passed a regiment of soldiers occupied in throwing a pontoon bridge across the Danube, who stared not a little at our appearance. Not far below this, the river March falls into the Danube, on the left; it forms the boundary between Austria and Hungary. On a high rock at the point

of junction stand the extensive ruins of the castle of Theben, and below it a tall solitary tower called 'the Nun's Tower,' occupying the point of a pinnacle of rock; so called from a tradition that 'one of the lords of this castle having taken refuge here, with a nun whom he had carried off from a convent, from the pursuit which followed them, finding that escape was hopeless, threw themselves together from the summit of the tower into the river.'

We grounded not far below this, and had to walk alongside of our boat for some distance, before we got into deep water again; and soon after arrived at Presburg, and shot through the bridge of boats that here crosses the Danube. The bridge was under repair, owing to a steamer and three barges having run up against and broken through it, a few days previously.

Presburg is a dull, uninteresting town, neither Hungarian nor German, and remarkable only for its wine biscuits, and its having been the place where (till the late revolution) the Austrian emperors were crowned kings of Hungary. There is an artificial mound, called the Königsberg, near the banks of the river, whither every new king of Hungary repaired on horseback after his coronation,

and made the sign of the cross in the air with the sword of St. Stephen, which he waved towards the four points of the compass. The Hungarian Diet used also to hold its sittings here. On a commanding eminence over the town, from which there is an extensive view as far as the eye can reach over the lesser Hungarian plain, stands the shell of a large palace with a tower at each corner; it was destroyed by fire, in 1811 (it is said), by the soldiers of an Italian regiment, who were quartered there, to avoid the labour of carrying wood and water up the hill.

The hotel at which we put up was a huge edifice; in former times, I dare say, crowded, during the sittings of the Diet, with the Hungarian nobles, in their gay costume, but now deserted and forlorn. On the walls of each landing were painted directions for the visitor, as to the number of times he should ring the bell for any particular object,—viz.,

1 for the Chambermaid.
2 — Waiter.
3 — Messenger.
4 — Porter.
5 — Water for bath.
6 — Stove to be lighted, &c. &c.

This appears at first sight rather intricate, but the practice is very simple: you have only to take the bell rope in your hand, and pull any given number of times, and you may be quite sure that no one will come at all.

A Presburg paper, which we saw a day or two after this, gave an account of our departure from Vienna, which is worth repeating, as it may give an idea of the wild way in which the Austrian penny-a-liners get up their news. There were, while we were staying at the K. von Œsterreich, at Vienna, three other Englishmen at the same hotel; we did not see them, but only saw their names, Messrs. C——, T——, and L——, in the stranger's book; one of these gentlemen (Mr. C——) rejoiced in the same name as our Bow. I hope they will excuse my giving their names the following airing, but I do not think their best friends would discover them under the designations that the *Presburg Zeitung* gave them on this occasion.

'The three young English *landed proprietors, and dilettante sailors,* Messrs. M——, *Comprest,* and T——, took their departure in their light boat this morning; *the brother of Mr. Comprest, Messrs. Tremutt and Lascallar,* have, together

with them, also at the same started for Pesth, where the boat will be sold, and then the whole company will return to Vienna together, to see the objects of interest there. Countless numbers of spectators were present to gaze at the mahogany boat with its skilful and courageous crew, and some of them posted themselves on a barge which was anchored near, when the covering broke through with the weight, but fortunately no one was injured. Many hundred persons went down to the river in the afternoon to see the boat, but could not gratify their curiosity.'

We also saw, in another paper, an article too long to give word for word, but which amused us much, and of which I will give a brief abstract:—

'The English are naturally so proud, and think that feats performed by them cannot be equalled by those of other countries, that we think the undertaking of our townsman, Herr Antal, should not be passed over in silence. He has engaged a vessel manned by two sailors, in which he is going from Presburg to the mouth of the Gran,* and from thence up that river to its

* A river alling into the Danube opposite to a town of the same name, about eighty miles below Presburg.

source. When one considers the dangers to which he will be exposed, from frightful storms, attacks from herds of oxen, the difficulty of procuring food in that wild district, &c. &c., one cannot but wonder at his courage, which is by no means inferior to the boldest undertakings of the English.'

A Vienna paper observed on this:—'The three bold Britons have found a mighty rival at Presburg (Mr. Antal's route is then described as above). We confess, to our shame, that we are not acquainted with this, perhaps beautiful, part of our Fatherland; if, however, we can give belief to the dangers there to be incurred by Mr. A., as pictured in the *Presburger Zeitung*, then an expedition up the Mississippi or Amazon is, as compared with his, a mere trip to Greifenstein' (a castle on the banks of the Danube, about ten miles from Vienna.—(p. 148.)

Immediately below Presburg commences the most extensive archipelago of islands in the whole course of the Danube; two of which are of very considerable size, and are called the greater and lesser island Schütt; the former is forty-six miles long and twenty broad, and is one of the most fertile districts in Hungary, and thickly inhabited. We anticipated some difficulty in finding our way

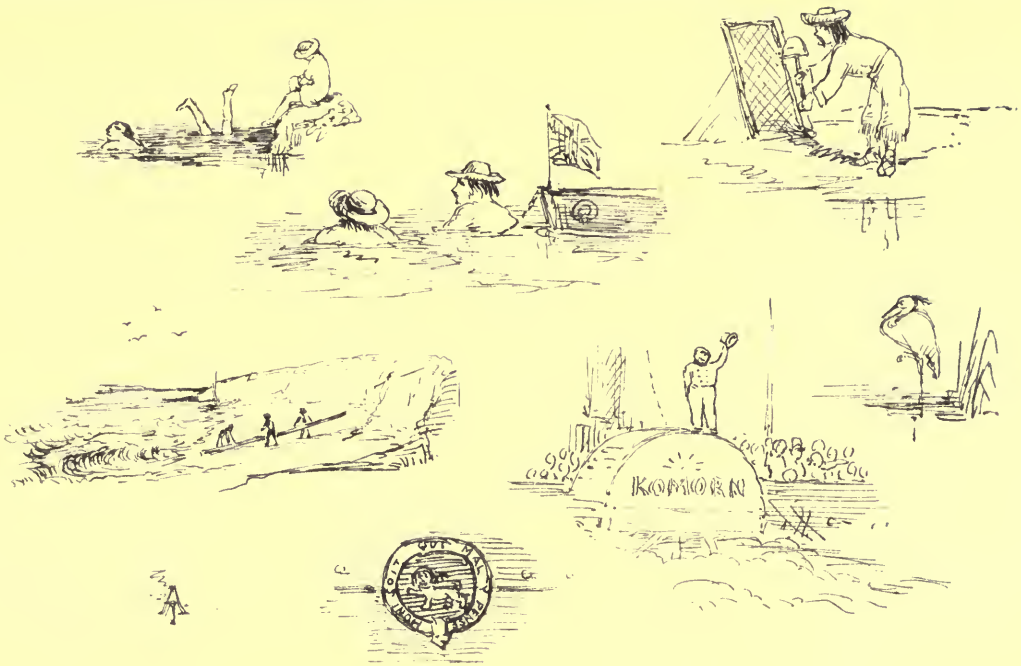
through them, as the people at Presburg had told us that it was impossible that we could mistake it, —at all the other similar places, where we had been told it was impossible to go without a guide, we had never had the slightest difficulty. According to the maps, there ought to have been some one principal channel, but we never found it out; even to the steamers, the course appears to be most intricate; one passed us taking one side of an island while we took the other, and when we had got to the other end we were ahead of it again, though she went half as quick again as we did. We grounded several times, and had to jump out. We continually saw groups of the wild-looking natives, with their long ringlets, glittering eyes, and enormous hats, engaged with their cradles and ladles, in washing the sands of the Danube for gold. This is generally the business of the gipsies (Zigeuners), who furnish the government with a certain quantity at a very low price, as a kind of tribute: they obtain about the value of nine shillings out of ten cubic feet of sand. I fancy that it will be some time before our gold currency is much depreciated by their exertions. Long fleets of floating water mills continually stretched across the stream, and along the

banks; in the course of the day we must have seen many hundreds. We kept on our course, now down a rapid, now grinding on a bank, now wading in the water, now dodging about a number of little islands about an acre in extent, now sailing with a plaid stretched out instead of a sail, now steering across a lake-like expanse of water, without having the most distant idea which side we were of the great or the little island Schütt, till we ultimately turned up at Gönyo, a town of some size, on the right bank of the river, and where the principal steamer traffic of the lower Danube commences. The river is here only divided into two branches by the greater island, at the extreme eastern end of which stands Comorn. Inland from Gönyo, on a lofty eminence, stands the splendid Benedictine Abbey of Martinsberg; it is the richest and finest establishment of the kind in Hungary. A few miles above Gönyo, the river Raab falls into the Danube, and there the lesser island Schütt ends.

Immediately below Gönyo the river spreads out to a noble breadth, and for a considerable distance runs nearly straight. Just as we were entering this reach, a tug steamer passed us, and we were saluted, by the voice (I suppose) of the

engineer, with the words 'Well pulled, gentlemen.' The wind all day had been very high, and at some periods of our voyage we had been among waves of such a height, as, had we not gradually become accustomed to them, would certainly have alarmed us not a little. Just as we were in the centre of the broadest part of the river, the wind begun to rise to almost a gale, and the water was soon lashed up into white crested waves, some four feet in height. Fortunately the wind was directly behind us, or certainly we should have been in rather unpleasant circumstances; as it was, we found that our gallant little craft cut through and rode over the menacing waves (which actually seemed to rise up, look into our nutshell, and then to shrink back as if ashamed), without staggering, or shipping a single sea. Presently, however, we came to a bend of the river, and found that it was impossible to change our course, for if we had attempted to ride through the waves in any other way than directly at right angles, we should have been caught in the trough, and rolled over immediately; so we followed the direction of the wind, and went straight in for shore. When we were about twenty feet off, we sprung out, lifted the boat lightly on to, and then dragged

her up, the beach, and then sat down and looked at the great waves as they came rolling in long lines on to the shingle, with a sullen roar like the sea. Seeing that there were no signs of any abatement of the wind, we thought that we would make an expedition into the interior, and see if we could get a native to tell us our latitude and longitude. So we climbed up the steep bank which rose from the sloping beach, and found ourselves about a hundred yards from a road, on which a peaceable traveller was pursuing his quiet way. He was awfully alarmed, poor fellow, at the sight of the three forms running towards him, clothed in large white wide awakes, flannel shirts and trousers, barefoot, without the vestige of a coat, and who seemed to have been blown out of the bed of the Danube; and it was with inexpressible relief that he wished us good evening, after having told us that we were eight miles from Gönyo, and as many from Comorn, and found himself allowed to continue his journey with uninjured skin or purse. About seven o'clock the wind appeared to have abated a little; so, as it was just sun set, and we didn't much want to sleep on the beach, we thought that we would attempt a start. It was rather ticklish work, I confess. We launched our boat,



Notes by the Way

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and then waded out with her, keeping the bows well up against the wind. When we had got her out as far as we could, Coxswain jumped in, and kept the rudder in the right direction; then Bow, who at once got his oar out and pulled as hard as possible to keep her head up; and lastly, Smith, and then we pulled back in the wind's eye, till we got under the lee of the opposite bank; we then turned round and went speedily on to Comorn, where we arrived at eight o'clock, just as it was getting dark.

Comorn is said to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; at any rate, it has never yet been taken; it is situated at the extreme eastern end of the greater island Schütt, and is connected by bridges with the main land. The Waag falls into the Danube, on the left side, just above Comorn, and that branch of the river is generally called the Waagdonau. It is strongly fortified, as is the right bank of the Danube, with a *tête du pont*. In the inner fortress there is the figure of a Virgin placed on one of the walls, with the inscription 'Kom morn' (come to-morrow), supposed to be addressed to an enemy.

There is nothing very astonishing to the eye of a civilian in the fortifications here. Comorn is

situated on a dead flat; I have no doubt there were plenty of ravelins, curtains, counterscarps, and bastions, &c., about which I know nothing, and will therefore hold my tongue: indeed, the only idea of strength that Comorn conveyed to our minds was through the medium of our sense of smell.

Comorn suffered very much from fire during the siege by the Austrians in 1848; it was, however, not set on fire by the besiegers, but by the Hungarians, who set fire to some houses that hampered them in their defence, and were then unable to check the spreading of the flames. We here first perceived that we were among a different people; it was a market day, and the open space between the town and the river was crowded with Hungarians and Slovacks; the former with hats, hair, and trousers, as above-mentioned, and the Slovacks with their ample blanket cloaks. Great stacks of water and sweet melons*

* These water-melons are about one foot and a half in diameter, shaped like an orange, and of a bright green colour. When cut through, they have no hollow, with seeds in it, in the centre, as ours have, but are full of a pink spongy substance, in which the seeds are stuck at intervals, like the plums in a pudding; they are watery and insipid; what taste they have is like a bad cucumber. The sweet melons are very good. These water-melons are said to be not uncommonly sixty pounds in weight; and there are gourds that weigh nearly two hundred pounds; but we did not see any such monsters.

are to be seen on every side, and groups of fine white oxen with enormously long horns, or of black hideous looking buffaloes with flat and rugged ones lying back along their scraggy necks. Presently a Hungarian peasant comes driving up from the bridge, his hair flying about his shoulders, yelling cracking his whip, and urging on his active little nags, on one of which he sits, while from his back he drives the other three, into a sharp gallop, which they will keep up for some fifty miles, with but little rest. If you hire a vehicle in Hungary, or travel by the 'peasant's post,' you no longer have to implore the coachman to go a little faster, as in Germany, but cling to the sides of your vehicle with clenched teeth, while your Jehu dashes at full gallop through the sand, and over the blocks of stone that lie about the (usually) abominable roads.

We entered into rather a lengthy discourse with a Maygar here (the first with whom we had spoken); he was indeed an 'ill bird,' for he reviled his own race in the most unsparing terms. He said the Slovacks, the Croats, and the Austrians, were all superior to them; that they had brought their misfortune on themselves, and that it served them right.

Smith had a Hungarian friend, whose acquaint-

ance he had made in London, and whom he had afterwards met in the Highlands of Scotland, who, he had heard, was imprisoned for sixteen years in some fortress in Hungary, having been implicated in the late revolution; thinking it just possible that he might be here, and that we might catch a glimpse of him, we determined to stroll into the citadel about the time that the prisoners were, we were told, allowed to walk out to take the air. Accordingly, in we marched, over the drawbridge. As we walked through the first archway, a sentinel stepped forward, and was just going to speak, when one of us electro-biologised him, and we were round the corner before he could get his mouth open; the next sentinel and the next, seemed rather surprised to see such queer-looking fishes as we must have seemed to them, swimming about in the inner citadel; but as we were there, thought that it must of course be all right. Having walked as far as we could, we began to consider how we could find out where the prisoners were; when all of a sudden we were pounced upon by the general officer in command, a soldier-like looking gentlemanly man, with a chest full of orders. He asked if we had especial permission to visit the fortress; we said no, and he then told

us to clear out at once. Just as we were retiring with our tails between our legs, he called after us, and asked us to show our passports. On looking at Smith's (which, as before-mentioned, was specially *viséd*), he said: 'Why, are you the same Englishmen of whom we have heard so much?' We looked very innocent, and said we did not know. When he found out who we were, he was very civil indeed, and told us that he was sorry that he could not take us over the fortress, but that his orders were strict to allow no foreigners, without a written permission, to enter therein. He turned out to be a very pleasant and agreeable companion, and asked us to show him the wonderful boat, and came down to see us start, and we parted most affectionately. Indeed, I believe, if it had not been for Smith's beard, he would have kissed him.

Just before we started, Coxswain was sponging out some water that was in the bottom of the boat, when he dropped the sponge overboard, and it immediately sank. A boy on the bank, seeing this, stripped to the skin, dived in, and brought it out for us, totally indifferent to the presence of the many spectators who were assembled to witness our departure.

After leaving Comorn, a chain of low hills approaches the right bank; we pulled on without seeing or doing anything very wonderful till we got to Gran.

Gran is a large straggling town, consisting of houses, for the most part, of only one story; it is the residence of the Primate of Hungary, and is said to be the richest see in Europe, its revenues amounting to £100,000 per annum. The cathedral, the most splendid modern edifice in Hungary, is built in the Italian style, in the form of a cross, faced with a handsome portico of thirty-eight pillars, and surmounted by a dome eighty-two feet in diameter. It occupies a very commanding position, on a precipitous rock, overhanging the river. The interior is not yet finished, being filled with the scaffolding for the artists employed on the frescoes, with which the walls will be covered. It was commenced by the late Primate Rudnay, in 1821, at his own expense, and he contracted enormous debts in carrying out his magnificent plans. There is a bridge of boats across the river, which we had no difficulty in passing under, as there was an arch on the right side, made sufficiently large to allow the passage of barges.

A gentleman came up to Coxswain, as we were

starting, and addressed him; Coxswain not understanding what he said, and thinking that he was speaking German, replied: 'Wie meinen Sie?' when the sentence was again repeated. Coxswain being still ignorant of what he said, and supposing that he was speaking Hungarian, said that he did not understand that language; when the poor man retreated, amid the laughter of his friends; and it turned out that he had been speaking what he meant to be English.

Immediately below Gran, the mountains again close in upon the river, and the Vienna and Pesth Railway runs not far from its banks from this point to the latter town. The scenery is very fine indeed, the hills on each side having more the appearance of mountains than any we had hitherto seen on the banks of the Danube. Before we had gone very far, we saw that a tremendous thunderstorm was coming up, and seeing a barge coming down the stream, we pulled up to it, tied our boat to the stern, and just got into the little house (that is generally built upon the deck of these vessels) as the lightning flashed out, and the rain descended in torrents. The crew of the barge were not a little surprised at our appearance as we clambered up the side of their dwelling.

They consisted of an old woman of about eighty, a middle-aged and a young man. It was a curious group; we had not a word of any language in common; so we sat down on barrels, and divided our bread, peaches, grapes, and hard-boiled eggs, with our hosts. The scene was very striking. Through one end of the hut we could see a space of dark purple thunder-cloud, occasionally lighted up by a blinding streak of forked lightning, and two horses that were on board, tossing their heads, and shaking with fear; while through the other could be seen the wiry form of the Magyar lad at the helm, with his enormous trousers strained tight to his legs, and his long locks streaming in the wind. The storm soon passed over, and we bade adieu to our new-made acquaintances, and betook ourselves again to our own vessel. We were now in the finest part of the defile; and the towers of Vissiegrad, situated on the top of a precipitous hill, had a most imposing effect: it is connected by a battlemented wall, with a tower, six stories high, on the water-side. Vissiegrad was formerly the favourite dwelling of the kings of Hungary, and attained its highest splendour in the reign of Matthias Corvinus, who spent enormous sums in embellishing it, and converting the barren hills around into

The Magyar Barge

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gardens. The Papal Legate, who visited him, described it as an earthly paradise. It is no paradise now, however, and only the Magyar goatherd, or some inquisitive strangers, disturb its roofless solitudes.

Not far below Vissiegrad, the river is divided into two branches, by the Island of St. Andrä, about fourteen miles in length, and it also here turns sharp round to the south, in which direction it runs for about three hundred miles. We were told that we must take the left branch, because the steamers did —so of course we took the right, and thereby saved a considerable distance. The hills continue on the right bank of the river as far as Pesth, but on the left they recede at Waitzen, a town situated at the angle where the river takes the sudden bend to the south above mentioned. There is a very splendid modern cathedral in this town; and here Görgei obtained a victory over the Austrians; during which engagement, when some of his own troops retreated under shelter of a bank from the enemy's fire, he turned his own guns on them, and forced them again into action.

Below the Island of St. Andrä, a magnificent reach of the Danube, more than half a mile in breadth, leads straight to Pesth; we passed down it

just at sunset, and it was one of the most delightful pulls we had. There were several small islands, covered with fine timber-trees, and as we passed along, large flocks of wild geese rose into the air, wheeled about for a short time, and then settled down again. Several steamers passing up and down, and long lines of water-mills and barges, proclaimed our near approach to Pesth; and we shot under the magnificent suspension-bridge, and finally pulled up at the mouth of a sewer, just opposite the vast and excellent hotel, the Königin von England, at seven P. M., on Friday, the 3rd of September.

The entire distance that we pulled from Kitzingen to Pesth, was about seven hundred miles; we were twenty-five days on the water, so that we rowed, on the average, about twenty-eight miles a day.

CHAPTER XV.

PESTH.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.
SHAKESPEARE.

PESTH is situated on the plain on the left of the Danube, and Ofen among the hills which border the right bank. From the top of the Blocksberg the best view is to be obtained; it is a lofty hill, precipitous towards the Danube, on the summit of which there is an observatory, and a strong fortress is now being built there. The Blocksberg is almost the last of the range of hills which cross the Danube at Vissiegrad, and continue on the right bank of the river to this point: as far as the eye can reach, to the east and south, stretches the great Hungarian plain. The position and appearance of Pesth and Ofen is compared in Murray to that of Edinburgh, to which it certainly has some resemblance, though it re-

quires a considerable amount of mental engineering to imagine it, and, after all, it is vastly inferior to the Modern Athens. If the reader can fancy himself standing on Arthur's Seat, and the Danube pouring down Princes Street and the railway, (having swept away the Calton Hill,) and then round the base of Arthur's Seat to the east, and the new town to be built on a vast uninterrupted plain, he will have a tolerable idea of the position of Pesth and Ofen. On a rock rising out of the middle of Ofen (like the Castle at Edinburgh) stands the fortress, from which Henzi bombarded Pesth in 1849; it was, however, stormed by the Hungarians, and he was killed in the assault. On it stands the palace of the Palatine; in the chapel attached to which the famous crown, and the regalia of St. Stephen, to which such peculiar veneration is paid by the Hungarians, were formerly kept. "Sacra regni corona cum clinodiis suis," it was called; and no emperor was considered king of Hungary, till he had actually had this very crown placed on his head, and till then he was never called 'His Most Sacred Majesty;' so that the king did die in Hungary. This crown was regarded almost as a saint; it was kept, with the sword and mantle of St. Stephen, in a room by itself;

they were watched by a body guard of Hungarian soldiers, called the crown watch, two of whom never left the iron doors, the keys of which were kept by the Primate, the Palatine, and the two guardians of the crown (who were two nobles of the highest rank and influence). The crown was kept in an iron chest, sealed with the five seals of the King, the Primate, the Palatine, and its two guardians. When wanted for a coronation, it was packed up in the presence of the guardians, and sent to Presburg under the care of its guard. At the coronation it was placed on the king's head, but only on the right shoulder of the queen. The circlet of the crown was given by the Byzantine Emperor Ducas to the Hungarian King Geysa I. in 1076. The upper portion, and the arched ribs of gold, which were parts of a crown supposed to have been made by angels, were given by Pope Sylvester to St. Stephen in 1000. On the one half there is a Byzantine, and on the other a Latin inscription. No crown in Europe has seen so many changes as this. It was once mortgaged to a German emperor; afterwards for some time kept in the castle of a noble in Transylvania; then it fell into the hands of a band of robbers; then it was taken by force into Bohemia.

Joseph II. removed it, to the great indignation of the Hungarians, to Vienna; and when, during the reign of Leopold II., it was brought back to Ofen, its progress was like a triumph. It disappeared during the late revolution, and whether it is in the hands of the Hungarians or Austrians, is known, probably, to some few individuals alone.

The long line of handsome houses which forms the river front of Pesth, and extends for nearly two miles along the left bank of the Danube, has a very fine effect; they retain but little trace of the severe bombardment that the town underwent in the late war. The finest of these houses are hotels, and they are perhaps the best as well as largest in Europe; they generally inclose a spacious court-yard, with two entrances into which carriages can drive. On the ground floor is a café with billiard rooms, while above is the saloon for those staying in the hotels; the dining hour is generally from three till five, and there are no table-d'hôtes.

There is a very excellent and interesting museum in Pesth, well worth seeing both within and without. During the revolution, the Diet held its meetings here. The historical part is particularly interesting—especially to any one who has the good fortune, as we had, to go over it with some genuine Magyars, who told us of the feats of their

ancestors, and pointed out the swords and armour of Rakotzy, Bathory, Palfy, &c., with heartfelt eloquence and flashing eyes.

On the plain of Rakos, to the west of Pesth, where the great national assembly of the Magyars was anciently held, and where now the horse races take place, we saw long lines of white tents forming the encampment of the Austrian army, which, to the number of some 50,000, were to be reviewed here in the course of the month.

The magnificent suspension bridge which connects Pesth with Ofen is twelve hundred and twenty-seven feet in length, and, as is well-known, was the work of an English architect, the late Mr. Tierney Clerk, who also built Hammersmith Bridge. It was commenced in 1840, and finished in 1848; and the first time it was opened was for the retreat of the Hungarian army. The Austrians afterwards endeavoured to blow it up, but providentially failed; and the engineer officer who directed the attempt was himself destroyed by the explosion. In the time of the old boat bridge, only the shabbily-dressed had to pay toll—as in Hungary the nobles used to be free from all taxes whatever; but when this bridge was built, it was determined that for the future all should pay alike. It is said, that some

of the high Tories decline, on principle, to cross the new bridge under these circumstances.

There are but very few Hungarians in Ofen, which is, for the most part, a German settlement. In Alt Ofen, a suburb about one mile and a half above Ofen, the inhabitants are principally Jews. The steep sides of the Blocksberg are covered with the squalid houses of the Raitzen, or Servians, a despised race; of whom the Hungarians say, that they are such blackguards that one Servian is as bad as four Jews and five Gipsies.

At the foot of the Blocksberg, and along the side of the Danube, up to Alt Ofen, are several hot sulphureous springs, which were used in the time of the Romans; and the baths, which still exist, and are in constant use, were built by the Turks: they are most extraordinary institutions. On entering one, you are at first almost suffocated with the heat and fumes of sulphur; when your eyes are accustomed to the subdued light, you perceive that you are in a lofty stone hall, supported by large round pillars, with a steaming tank in the middle, and dimly lighted by small apertures in the roof. Splashing in the water, or stretched out on the marble floor, may be discerned the naked forms of men, women, and children, who remain

sometimes for the whole day in a kind of torpid enjoyment of the heat and steam. There are similar private baths attached.

There is still a memento of the Turkish rule here, in the shape of a small octagonal mosque, erected to the memory of the Sheikh Gül Baba, who died here some two centuries ago; and some poor dervish even now occasionally toils hither on foot from Turkey or Syria, and occasionally even from the confines of Persia, to offer up a prayer at the neglected shrine.

The wines of Hungary are much superior to those of Austria. A peculiar sort is made, called 'Ausbruch;' the best are the well known Tokay Menescher, Ruster, and Ofner; the method of preparing it is peculiar, and not generally known. The best grapes are allowed to hang on the trees till they are almost dry like raisins; they are then gathered, and some good wine is poured on them, and after being pressed, the juice is allowed to ferment; this is the first Ausbruch: the grapes are sometimes subjected to a second and a third similar process, the produce of which is of course inferior. In indifferent years, when there are not sufficient good grapes in a vineyard to make it worth while to the proprietor

to make Ausbruch himself, he reserves them for some other wine manufacturer, who has given out that he intends to make it. On these occasions, the price of a cask of the dry grapes has been known to fetch as much as £15. The meaning of the word 'Ausbruch' is perhaps derived from the fact that the grapes from which this wine is made are 'picked out' from the others.

The great Hungarian patriot Count Szechenyi, to whom the Magyars are so much indebted for his indefatigable exertions in the cause of progress; who founded the casino, instituted the steam navigation company, was the originator of the suspension bridge, set on foot the national theatre, and by his admirable writings continually urged on his countrymen to works of utility, or bitterly rebuked them for their faults, is now, alas! overtaken by madness. In the year 1848, whether in despair at the prospects of his country, or from some other cause, he attempted to commit suicide, and has ever since been hopelessly insane.

We were admitted as honorary members to the Magnate's Casino, an establishment exactly on the same footing as a London club. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which we were received by our warm-hearted and spirited entertainers.

Most travellers would no doubt think they had seen enough of Pesth after two or three days; but we had brought letters of introduction, and we found ourselves at once among friends, who would have made our time pass quickly and pleasantly had we been able to remain in Hungary for a year. Most of our kind friends had in some way or other suffered by the late revolution; some had lost half their estates, others had been imprisoned, condemned to death, and pardoned, made to serve as privates in the Austrian service, &c. &c.; but their misfortunes have not made them less hospitable to strangers. Unlike other continental nations, they seem to have a decided partiality for the English. Most of our friends' horses and grooms came from England,* and their style of dress is exactly that of Bond-street, quite different from the prevailing fashions in Germany and France: one of them told us that everything he had on, from his hat to his shoes, was made in

* Their grooms, if not all English, were at any rate turned out in the most correct style; not such servile imitations as I have heard of in Paris, where a French gentleman of fashion, having seen a groom of Lord C——'s, who had a slight hump on his shoulder, padded out that of his own tiger to correspond, because he thought that it was *la mode en Angleterre*.

London, where he had his tailor, shoemaker, saddler, &c. Indeed, as we were sitting in the club, we could not help remarking that Smith was the only individual there who did not present the appearance of an Englishman. They planned something for our amusement every day, and one gentleman had arranged that we should visit him at his country house; but, unfortunately, circumstances occurred which prevented us carrying that plan into execution. The Hungarian nobles are certainly the most extraordinary linguists it has ever been my lot to meet; they could all speak Hungarian, Latin, German, and French; most of them in addition to these Italian, English, and some other dialect of the country, such as Wallachian, Slovack, or Servian.

Hungary is indeed a paradise for philologists. The German language prevails in certain districts of the west and south, and in parts of Transylvania, and is much spoken throughout the country, being often used by the shopkeepers and townsmen where the lower orders are Magyars or Slavonians. The true Hungarian, or Magyar, is spoken in the greater part of the plain in the centre of the kingdom, and the Wallachian in the east. Languages of the Slavonic family are spoken in the north and

south, extending into Russia on the one hand, and Turkey on the other; of these the principal are the Slovack, in the north-west, an uncultivated dialect of Bohemian; Rusniack (the language of South Russia) in the north-east; Croatian in the south-west; and Servian in the south-east. When we add to this that isolated colonies of Bulgarians, Albanians, French, and Italians still maintain their original languages; that the boundaries of the different tongues are rarely if ever sharply marked; that the common language formerly used in the Diet,* and therefore familiar to all the educated

* Kohl, in his hundred days of travel in the Austrian dominions, gives an amusing Latin conversation which he heard in a billiard room, which I have given below, with the English, for the benefit of the unlearned.

'Ibi incipiamus.'
'Dignetur præcedere.'

'Dolendum est! si cæruleus huc venisset.'
'Fallit! fallit!'
'Nunc flavus recte ad manum mihi est.'
'Bene! bene! nunc Hannibal ad portam.'
'Fallit iterum! O si homo nunquam falleretur, esset invincibilis.'
'Reverende pater! Nunc

'Now let us begin.'
'Have the goodness to play first.'

'What a pity; if the blue ball had only come here.'
'A miss! a miss!'
'Now I have the yellow all right.'
'Well played! Well played! now there's the devil to pay.'
'Another miss! O if man never was to fail he would be invincible.'
'My game is a difficult one.

men, is Latin; that the gentry in the Slavonian and Wallachian districts are frequently Magyars; and that Jews, Gipsies, Greeks, and Armenians (especially the two former) are to be met with in considerable numbers in most of the towns, some idea may be formed of the linguistic confusion that prevails. Even the passing traveller can soon distinguish the guttural German from the nasal French sounding Slovack, or the rattling polysyllabic Magyar.

Although the Liberal party in England have taken up the Hungarian cause with such great zeal, the revolution certainly appears to me to have been in its essence entirely an aristocratic movement. I do not profess to be acquainted with the intricacy of Austrian and Hungarian politics; indeed, till I came into the country, I

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tota positio difficilis est. Nil video, nisi cæruleum et rubrum percutere velles.'

'Ah! ah! subtiliter volui, et nil habeo.'

'Bene! bene! nunc si adhuc illum feceris.'

'Fecisti! finis ludi.'

I see nothing but a cannon off the blue and red.

'Ah! Ah! my design was crafty, but I have got nothing by it.

'Good! good! now, if you can only manage this.'

'You have done it, the game is over.'

was totally ignorant about the cause or effects of the late unfortunate disturbances; and I dare say that many of my readers will think that I have returned to England knowing less about it than before. But my impressions are at any rate unprejudiced, for our kind friends at Pesth, from whom I principally derived my ideas on the subject, would not, I think, entirely coincide with the conclusions I drew from them. I will briefly jot down in a few lines what I understand to have been the cause of the events which led to that unhappy war, and the effect that it has had on its people.

The Hungarian Diet, in 1848, persuaded the Emperor Ferdinand to consent to a new constitution, which made them much more independent than before; some of the clauses in which, combined with the old feuds between the two nations, irritated the Croats to such a degree, that they made war on the Hungarians, and were joined by many of the Wallachians and Servians. The Hungarians were countenanced in the quarrel by the Austrian Government, whose decrees they were in fact supporting, and the Ban Jellachich was declared a rebel. Afterwards, the advisers of the Emperor represented to him that he had impru-

dently yielded to the pressing claims of the Hungarians, and that he should withdraw his support from them, and assist the Croats. The kind-hearted Emperor long objected to this treachery, but at length yielded, and shortly after abdicated. The Hungarians had now clearly law and justice on their side, as they were fighting in defence of their constitution, which had been ratified by their king, and which could not be annulled without their own consent. But Kossuth* rose, and by his eloquence succeeded in persuading them to throw off all allegiance to the Emperor, and appoint a provisional government. The war was carried on by the Hungarians with vigour and success, till the appearance of the Russians compelled Görgei† to yield. The position of the nobles is now vastly inferior to what it was before the revolution; they have lost all their privileges, are liable

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* Kossuth was not spoken of by the Hungarian nobles that we met at Pesth in very complimentary terms; they would not allow that he was a real patriot, but said that he was more actuated by personal vanity: they dated the downfall of their cause from his throwing off the allegiance to the emperor.

† Görgei, on the contrary, they praised exceedingly, and said that he had no choice but to surrender to the Russians, who were quite fresh, while his army had neither money, ammunition, nor clothes.

to taxation, narrowly watched, and if at all compromised in the late revolution not allowed to travel, and have been deprived of half their property, or at any rate have got only a nominal compensation for it. But the inferior classes, on the other hand, have received (*what may be to them*) considerable benefit; being now in a far better position than they were before the revolution, inasmuch as they hold their land free from the feudal conditions to which they were formerly subject, being converted into freeholders. I said *it may be* beneficial to them, because at present, we were told, being relieved from the duty of cultivating their lord's land, they, like the cottiers in Ireland, till only just sufficient to keep themselves, and spend the rest of their time in idleness; while large tracts of fertile soil are suffered to lie waste and uncultivated.

We visited the National Theatre, where we appreciated the acting, which was very good, though we did not understand a word of what was said; the applause of the Magyars was vociferous. Székely, the celebrated Hungarian pianist, who was in London during the Great Exhibition, performed on the piano. We also went to the German Theatre, which was a very inferior affair, and the performance was carried on in the open

air. As it seemed likely to rain, the heroine came on with an umbrella, which she put up when the first drops began to fall.

We started off one morning, accompanied by one of our friends, to a chapel about six miles from Pesth, among the hills on the west side of the Danube, where there was a large gathering of pilgrims to the shrine of Maria Einsiedel. This little building was situated by itself in the midst of an open wood, which was full of booths, and many groups of people dancing, playing at games, and eating and drinking on the grass. There were a number of crippled beggars, the most disgustingly distorted objects it is possible to conceive, who had been brought out here by their friends, and laid under the trees to receive the donations that were lavishly bestowed on them; indeed, I should think that such an unfortunate creature must generally be a fortune in a Hungarian peasant's family. It was a very amusing scene, but there was a most enduring smell of garlic, onions, and tobacco, which certainly do not improve by being mixed.

But the chief attraction was the music of the Zigeuners. These gipsies are the musicians of Hungary; they play on the violin, and an instru-

ment called 'the cymbals' (*Hungarice* Tzimbalom), not the brass dishes that we call by that name, but a kind of flat harp, shaped like a triangular box, with a number of wires running across it; it is played on with two little sticks tipped with leather. This national music is very peculiar and inspiriting, generally commencing with a slow-measured air, then darting off into a wild quick measure, and then again subsiding into a melancholy cadence. We had often heard these Zigeuners in the coffee houses at Pesth, when they would, if we came in with any of the Magyar nobles, come and stand round us, and play at us, and the excitement that it produced among our friends showed how deeply these national airs moved them; after some time they would spring eagerly from their seats, and going in among the musicians, would move about, stamping time to the measures, and giving them handfuls of money. We asked them why they did not dance, but they said that if they did the police would not allow the Zigeuners to play, and that they would then lose almost the last pleasure that was left to them. The Rakotzy March (the Hungarian Marseillaise) is forbidden to be played at all. On this day, when we were far away from the town, music was going on in

every direction, and dancing too: the dance is almost exactly similar to a Scotch reel, except that each couple start independently,—the gentleman with his arm round his partner's waist, as in a waltz, and occasionally emitting a yell as in the Highlands. We stood looking on for some time, but our Magyar friend could not stand that long, and presently seizing a bright eyed lassie by the waist, he plunged into the thickest of the fight.

On our way back we stopped at a road-side inn to dine; the place was crammed full of people, so a table was laid out for us in the open air. Just as we were going to sit down, a thunder storm came on; it was impossible to get into the house, so great was the crowd, so we held our chairs over our heads, and when they were wet through, got under the table, and so managed to keep tolerably dry.

But I had almost forgotten our boat in talking about Pesth and the Magyars; indeed, I fear that I must have tired out the reader's patience; though, for my own part, I confess I feel so much interest in this brave and unfortunate nation, and am so thankful for their kindness and hospitality to us, that I have not been able to avoid this somewhat

lengthened digression. I earnestly hope I have not seen them for the last time. Our boat, which the Pesth newspapers told the public we had carried up into our room, was all this time an object of great interest, and Count K—— wished to buy it for duck shooting. We told him that it was quite useless for such a purpose, and offered to take him up in her to the Margarethen-insel, a little island in the Danube, about two miles above Pesth, formerly the property of the Archduke Stephen, and laid out as a pleasure ground; he soon saw that she was about as much suited for a man-of-war as for duck shooting; so we sold her to the director of the steam-boat company, who wanted her for a model, for twelve pounds, and the last time we saw her, was as we were driving over the suspension bridge, when she was being laboriously tugged up against the stream by two men, who each individually had a wonderfully good idea of pulling for a dweller on the banks of the Danube; but when pulling together (or rather alternately), imparted a motion like that of a rocking-horse to the little boat. Whether she ever got through the bridge, I cannot say, but I should think it doubtful, as the unhappy crew stopped about every fifth stroke, and looked behind

them in despair at the little progress they were making. As for ourselves, we returned humbly to Vienna, heroes no more, but reduced to the proper level of our own insignificance, and from thence, unnoticed and unregarded, by way of Prague, Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg, we slunk back to London, two briefless barristers, and a Cambridge undergraduate.*

'Hi nostri reditus exspectatique triumphi.'

* Since our return to England, I have met a gentleman, who was naturally rather surprised at finding himself sitting next to me at a dinner party; inasmuch as he had, during his travels in the United States, read in a Yankee Newspaper (either *Harper's Magazine*, or the *New York Tribune*), a touching description of the melancholy and premature end of Albert Smith, by drowning in the Rhone; which concluded by informing the public—'that the same party of English, whose voyage down the Rhine in a little boat they had recorded last year, had this year attempted the descent of the Danube, in the same way, but had been overwhelmed and lost, fragments of the boat having been found in the stream; but that the bodies of the adventurers had, up to that time, not been discovered.'

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.
PLIN. *apud Lilium.*

THE last fathom of my yarn is spun, the last entry of our log completed. I have come to a safe anchorage myself, and it only remains to me to turn my craft adrift, to weather the gales of criticism, or sink with its own unnoticed weight. If it should be of itself unworthy of any but the latter fate, I trust that it may yet be saved from it by Coxswain's share in its construction, and that his illustrations may be the corks that will keep it afloat, if they should not prove top-gallants to catch the breeze of public favour.

I have already said that this little account of our expedition would not aspire to afford the reader much information or instruction; may I

venture to hope that it has amused or interested him by its novelty; for let philosophy say what it may of the beauty of a scene being undiminished by the number of eyes that have looked at it, and such like truisms, still human nature does delight in doing, seeing, and being what its fellows have not done, seen, or been before; and I think that the claims of our expedition to this desirable feature of novelty are at any rate not likely to be called in question; nor is the independence of our mode of travelling less decided than its novelty. Instead of being the slaves of the time-table of a railway company, here we are starting, stopping, lounging, hurrying, retracing our steps, or progressing, diverging from our track, and resuming it, just as circumstances or our own fancies dictate. Our posters are always at command, and never need bait or halt but when we are inclined to such indulgence ourselves. Armed with a sufficient stock of good temper (which is indispensable to the success of a scheme involving such close and unbroken companionship), and with a constitution indifferent to an occasional ducking, I am certain, that should any of my readers ever be tempted to follow in our track, they will acknowledge that, of all methods of travelling that they have hitherto

tried, this is infinitely the most agreeable; and when I add that our united expenses from the 15th of July, the day that we left London, till our arrival at Pesth on the 3rd of September, were not more than £60 (inclusive of the carriage of our boat to Kitzingen, and the difference between the price that we gave for it, and that for which it was sold), I think it will be admitted that a long purse is at any rate not absolutely necessary.

It only remains to me to answer an objection which has been often made to me by some of my friends, of the hard work undertaken by us under the guise of relaxation. The fact is, that although it is possible to expend any amount of strength in rowing,* in the descent of a rapid river like the Danube or Rhine, it is not only unnecessary, but would be utterly thrown away. Indeed, I dare say, that many of the travellers who passed us in the steamer, must have thought us a very lazy set of fellows, as they saw us lying down in our boat, reading and smoking; or swimming and

* Of course I do not take our pull up the Main into account; that was owing to the unforeseen circumstance of there not being sufficient water for the steamer, which we had calculated on for our voyage up to Bamberg.

floating by her side, while the rapid current was hurrying us down to our destination.

But now, kind reader, I have said enough, if not to make you get up a crew and build a boat immediately, at any rate, to weary your patience almost unpardonably; so I bid you farewell, with the repeated assurance, that no pleasure can afford anticipations less liable to be disappointed, a present less fraught with care, or retrospections more devoid of alloy than such an investigation of the watery nooks and corners of old Europe.

THE END.

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